YANK

THE ARMY

5¢ OCT. 8 1943
VOL. 2, NO. 16

By the men . . for the men in the service

DOUGHBOY IN AFRICA

Personal History of a South Pacific Infantryman

PAGE 8

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR OVER A YEAR THESE JAP GUNS HAD BEEN FIRING AT AMERICAN PLANES.

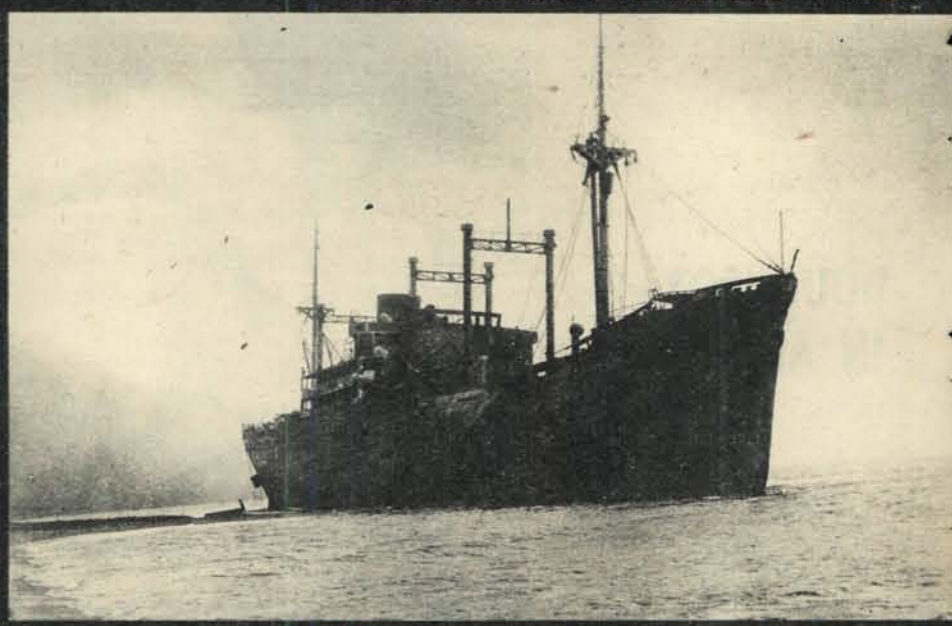
THREE OF THE ENEMY'S TWO-MAN SUBMARINES DESTROYED IN DRYDOCK.

YANK RADIOMEN REPAIR A JAP FIELD PHONE.

Here's What We Found At Kiska

A SOLDIER LOOKS AT A JAP SHRINE ABOVE THE HARBOR.

CPL. D. M. BUCK FOUND JAP MOTORCYCLE SIMILAR TO A HARLEY-DAVIDSON.



THE NOZIMA MARU, ONE OF THREE SHIPS FOUND BEACHED AT KISKA AFTER BOMBING.

A JAP HANGAR SHOWS EFFECTS OF AMERICAN BOMBS.

THIS IS A JAPANESE DIRECTION FINDER.

A '37 FORD SEDAN WHICH WAS USED BY JAP OFFICERS.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Kiska, the sons of the emperor turned and ran from approaching American invaders instead of following their tradition of honorable death—showing, for the first time in the war, that they are only human, after all.

By SGT. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

KISKA—If any Japs dared to come back to Kiska today, they would be blown out of the bay or blasted out of the sky with their own guns. Less than a week after Yanks and Canadians foreclosed on Hirohito's abandoned homestead in the Aleutians, Kiska was as strongly defended—with our own and with enemy equipment—as it had been at any time during the 14 months of Jap occupation.

The plain fact is that the Nips were pot-poor retreaters. The bulk of the Japanese troops were probably shuttled out over a period of several weeks, with only a skeleton garrison left behind to defend demolition crews in case the Yanks arrived sooner than expected. Though these crews laid a great many mines, they pulled out in such a rush that the major plans for destroying Jap installations and camp areas were botched up.

Big 4½- and 6-inch coastal cannon and 3-inch dual-purpose guns were left intact, except for missing breech blocks. Trained on American invasion parties fighting their way up the cliff walls, these guns might have massacred great numbers of our forces, had the Japs chosen to defend the positions.

Cached away near the abandoned guns was plenty of ammunition, enough for the Yanks to have fought off a month-long countersiege, using only the enemy's fortifications. Dozens of 6-inch shell casings had been stuffed with explosives by the Japs and cemented at the mouth, but fuses intended to blow them up fizzled out less than a foot from the charges.

Small arms and ammunition, construction materials, piles of blankets and heavy coats with dog-fur lining and sea-otter collars and cuffs were scattered around for the taking—further evidence that the Jap demolition crews had muffed the ball.

But most of the installations of the Jap Army garrison at Gertrude Cove were "wired for sound," as were almost all the major Jap Navy and Marine installations at Kiska Harbor.

Advance elements, exploring half-buried Jap huts at the Gertrude Cove beaches, picked up boots and blankets from the floor and exposed booby traps. Dark shafts into the mountainsides, almost as complicated as a Pennsylvania coal mine, had to be scouted as possible hiding places for Japs.

Even after the Allied invasion forces had swarmed over the island, a number of Americans and Canadians fell dead and wounded as a result of the enemy mines. Unlike Attu, where American soldiers on the hunt for souvenirs pawed through tents and dugouts almost without mishap, the pickings on Kiska were dangerous.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All these details we had no way of knowing as we boarded the invasion ships, our faces painted green and gray. At midnight we breakfasted on grilled steak and potatoes and a couple of soft-boiled eggs—standard invasion fare. As the men stood at their mess racks to eat, the chaplain's voice came over the ship's loudspeaker: "And now we commit ourselves, our bodies and our souls unto Thy keeping." Some of the boys did not finish their breakfast.

By a kind of poetic justice, the first four American soldiers to set foot on Kiska were Alaskans. They were part of an advance patrol of scouts from the Alaska Combat Intelligence Platoon, known as "Castner's Cutthroats."

From offshore a brisk chill wind was blowing in their faces as they left the big ship in bobbing rubber boats and paddled through the dangerous rocky passage toward Quisling Cove on the west side of the island. It was 2:30 A. M., and the jagged skyline of Kiska was silhouetted in the moonlight 500 yards abeam.

A short sharp sound, faintly carried on the wind, bit their ears. Sgt. Clyde Peterson whispered: "Hear that! That's a good omen. That's a fox bark. This is the season when the fox are whelping. If there were any Japs around, the fox would have killed their young."

The sergeant was right. There were no Japs.

Peterson, a lank blond 22-year-old fisherman from Sitka, Alaska, was first ashore. Clambering out of the fragile rubber dory right on the heels of Peterson's shoepacs were Pvts. Stanley Dayo, from the interior Alaska mining hamlet of Livengood; Chuck O'Leary of Nome, and Billy Buck, half-Eskimo from King Cove.

While Peterson's squad of scouts, headed by Lt. Earl Acuff, paced hand-picked troops up the knife-edge ridges rising from Quisling Cove, S/Sgt. Edgar M. Walker, a few miles to the north, was guiding a spearhead party of 16 under S/Sgt. Dan Green of Swift Current, Saskatchewan, onto Lilly Beach. Behind their two rubber boats on a towline was a third air-inflated craft with 1½ tons of dynamite aboard.

One hundred yards from the surf, the deploying patrol crawled into barbed-wire entanglements. They crept beyond, through the wet morning darkness, until they were within grenade range of Jap machine-gun dens burrowed into the cliff faces commanding the entire shore.

Satisfied that this area was clear of Japs, Sgt. Walker and his men gingerly shifted the cases of dynamite ashore and planted them among the reefs blocking the passageway to Lilly Beach. Promptly at 5:30 A. M. he touched off the charge.

For the troops still churning the bay in landing boats, that explosion was a heartening signal. It meant that everything was proceeding according to plan. An hour later the barges were lining up to disgorge men, guns, ammunition and tractors on the beach.

We crunched low across the rocky beach and scrambled up the mossy cheek of the mountain on our hands and knees. By daybreak the first objective, Link Hill, had been reached. Wind cupped under our tin hats and almost snapped our heads off. Fog pressed against our bodies, shouldering us onward like an invisible wet net. We could hear the voices of the men in our patrol, but we couldn't see them.

Already tiers of empty enemy gun slots, deep interlaced trenchworks and one observation post sunk into the hilltop had been passed. By noon, after trailing a thin yellow strand of Jap communications wire over the moss bogs, we had cautiously explored the deep, awesome caverns of Lazy Creek.

As darkness fell, we trudged through the dismal desolation of Gertrude Cove on the southeast side of the island, where steam and stench rose in smoky plumes from the sodden earth. Warily we bedded down for the night in a long, low hutment, half-buried in the ground, shattered by some of the 4,000,000 pounds of bombs dropped by the Eleventh Air Force since Jan. 1.

Before morning we were cursing the Air Force for its marksmanship. Rain roared down and poured through the splintered roof onto the raised wooden platform where we were huddled, rolled up in damp, musty Jap blankets.

At dawn our patrol was on the march again. We stumbled up the steep, twisting road that the Japs, with dynamite and tamping blocks and little wicker baskets full of dirt, had scratched out of the rocky promontory separating Gertrude Cove from Kiska Harbor. Along the road were abandoned Jap heavy-gun emplacements.

Ahead of us, in the murky dusk of the first day ashore, two Yank dogfaces, supported only by each other, had invaded the main camp area at Kiska Harbor. Like a pair of hoboes sneaking into a chickenyard, Pvt. Francis Heston of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Sgt. Gerald Roach of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., had crept along the Jap road.

Now, with fog and sweat begriming our faces, we followed their path to the summit of Magic Mountain. And while we paused, panting, for a break, the haze blew out to sea for an instant.

Below us, gray and ashen and still, lay Kiska Harbor, the main camp area of the Japs. And now we knew for certain they were gone. At first disappointment rippled hotly over us. "Dirty bastards," we muttered. And then we remembered the first day at Attu, and the way the litter bearers had shuffled past with their limp loads. And our disappointment passed, even if we had waited 14 months.

Veterans of Attu among the American invasion forces found it hard to believe that the Japs had chickened out. Though we had been repelled by the methods, we had respected the singleness of purpose of an army whose men committed suicide by grenade rather than surrender, who shot or bayoneted their seriously-wounded fellow soldiers before relinquishing the ground where they fell. That respect was gone now.

Japs, we learned at Kiska, are only human after all.

The Japs at Kiska Took the Hint From "Gone With the Wind"

KISKA—In a Jap ack-ack emplacement on South Head, Yanks found a copy of Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind," with the title in English on the rear cover and the entire 614 pages of text in Japanese.

A partly destroyed hut yielded Jap popular song sheets with pictures of Geisha girls, phonograph records, and the face masks and wooden rifles used in Kendo, a form of bayonet practice.

Deep in the mud of a cavern were several cases of Suntory whisky ("First Born in Nippon"), and near the cave was the wreckage of an American P-40, with a Jap-inscribed plaque in English: "Sleeping here, a brave hero who lost youth and happiness for his motherland. July 25."

But the prize trophy was a panel at Kiska Harbor, lettered in hand-high characters: "WE SHALL COME AGAIN AND KILL OUT SEPARATELY YANKI-JOKER."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

THE KISKA FOG TURNS SOLDIERS INTO SILHOUETTES. SEEN WITH BACKS BOWED UNDER THEIR EQUIPMENT, THEY ARE PART OF A PATROL MOVING ALONG THE ISLAND RIDGES.

YANKS LEAVE LANDING CRAFT AT LILLY COVE.

GREASING UP WITH FACE CAMOUFLAGE FOR KISKA.

TWO CANADIAN SOLDIERS TAKE A LOOK AT YANK.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMG IT PIECES CONQUERED TOWNS TOGETHER AGAIN

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
***Stars and Stripes* Correspondent**

MARSALA, SICILY [By Cable]—It is a slow job, the rebirth of a dead town. The story of Marsala, on the western tip of this triangular island, is the story of villages and towns and cities all over Sicily. It is also the story of AMG (Allied Military Government).

Marsala died at noon on Garibaldi Day, May 11, 1943, when several hundred of our big bombers swept in low from across the Mediterranean Sea. Flying through flak in tight formations, they dropped their bombs on this city for almost two hours. When they left, Marsala looked like a squashed tomato.

There had been ample warnings to the 30,000 people of this city of vineyards in the heart of the wine district. Allied planes had dropped thousands of leaflets, and Allied radios had told and retold of the impending attack. The people were advised to get out of town and head for the hills and suburbs.

It was two months later, on July 24, that American troops of the 3d Division marched into Marsala after short, bitter fighting in the outskirts of the city. Marching with them was Capt. William Jequire, a British AMG official.

"I was told to take charge of Marsala," he said, "but there was no Marsala. There were just bricks and rubble and the smell of the dead." A graying, balding man of 57, the captain had a determined tone in his soft voice. Before the war he was the general manager of one of the world's largest perfumery houses, with offices in Paris, London and New York.

For four days, all alone and without communications, transportation or the assistance of MPs, Capt. Jequire tried to shape order out of the chaos. His job was doubly tough because the people of Marsala had spread out in a semicircle as far as 15 miles from the city when they fled from the threat of an Allied blitz.

As soon as they heard that American troops had taken over Marsala, they began to drift back in. "They all acted like a bunch of spoiled brats," the captain said. "Somehow they had gotten the idea that the Americans would come marching in loaded down with clothes and food. They were expecting new donkey carts, cigarettes, even new homes. It took a while before they understood."

But the Sicilian "children" finally did understand. Under the captain's direction they began to clear away the rotting bodies of the dead and fill in the bomb craters in the roads. They tied together broken bridges and pulled down the tottering, lonely walls of blasted buildings.

But the hungry had to be fed and the homeless had to be housed. For the 10,000 Sicilians who were without shelter, Capt. Jequire requisitioned every building still standing.

Now he was no longer working alone. The *carabinieri* and the mayor were giving their full cooperation. The mayor, who was the tallest man in town, had held his position for 13 years. He was also the owner of the biggest winery in Marsala until the bombs fell.

When trucks came into town with grain, Capt. Jequire found that there was no electric power to run the mills and make flour. He went on a scavenger hunt and came up with two old Diesel engines, which finally were made to work after considerable tinkering.

Most Sicilians ate simply. Some bread, spaghetti and a little wine were all they asked as food and drink. But there was a flourishing black market in certain luxuries and extras, Capt. Jequire discovered. He stepped in quickly to crush it. All prices were fixed, and the "black merchants" were punished.

They were not given summary sentences, but stood trial before a regular court established by the captain to allow for a full hearing in each case. Typical violations of the law were possession of an excessive amount of oil and charging of exorbitant prices.

The *carabinieri* were also instructed to look into other excesses and violations, such as looting and nonobservance of the curfew. They found that some of the Italian kids were playing ball with hand grenades and fishermen were going beyond the three-mile limit.

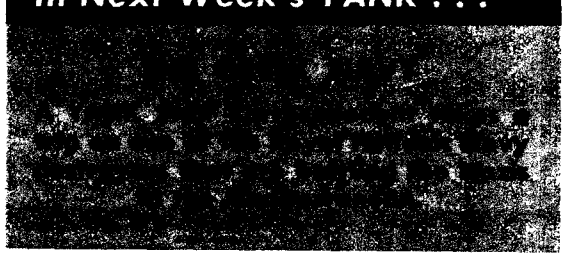
There were also a number of special problems that cropped up in the life of this Sicilian town. One was the horse-donkey stud system, which had been thrown into confusion by the abolition of the fascist regime. Under the old set-up, the state had owned all the stud horses and donkeys, renting them out to farmers for a 150-*lire* fee. The Sicilians implored the captain to continue this arrangement, and he agreed.

Then there was the girl, already several months pregnant, who wanted the captain to release her boy friend from one of the American prison camps so that he could come back and marry her. And there was the family who brought in an old dead body they'd found somewhere and asked what they were supposed to do with it.

Five hundred people lined up outside the captain's office every day with their problems. Some wanted passes to go to a different city, others wanted more simple things, such as instructions on mailing a letter to the United States. And of course some wanted to be sent to the States themselves. A lot of Italian men stood in line to tell the captain they were soldiers and wanted to surrender; they weren't, really, but they wanted to be sent to prisoner-of-war camps in the States.

Today the people of Marsala are building a new city, and everywhere you can sense the new feeling of peace and order, and the new faith that the Americans will help them create a better Marsala from the rubble of the old. The people know that no one will be punished without a fair trial. They know that any one of them can go to the captain with his complaints or problems. This simple fact of democracy continually amazes them. They are a contented people now, these people of Marsala.

In Next Week's YANK . . .



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Guy Needs Basic Training In Tower of Babel for This Job

PERSIAN GULF—M/Sgt. Edward Kaye and S/Sgt. John Montgomery work in the stores department of a series of warehouses supplying a large portion of Iran.

Their office, about the size of a tourist cabin, is also shared by a British sergeant, a Russian storekeeper, an Iranian storekeeper, an Iranian stenographer, and a large transient population of Iranians, French and an occasional Turk. The room boasts five desks and three wall cabinets.

An average moment in the office sounds like the Tower of Babel. Sgt. Edwin Lemmon, who used to buy iron and steel back home in London, is talking on the phone, shouting in French, German, Iranian, broken Russian, English or a combination of all five.

George Karoun, the Iranian storekeeper who spent seven years in New England and Indiana, tries to ward off a crowd of his compatriots, eager to sell him something they just know he'll regret not buying the rest of his life. Occasionally he'll lift his head to answer Sgt. Kaye's inquiry, "Who is this Iraq anyway?"

"Iraq," George will explain patiently, "is a stop on the railroad."

Kaye worked in the Chicago warehouse of Sears Roebuck & Company, but it will take more than that to give him a perfect command of Iranian names.

John Montgomery, the other Yank sergeant, will probably just be looking at the ceiling. Back in Cheyenne, Wyo., John was a poet. What strange changes the land of Firdausi and Omar will work on the American talent of Montgomery he does not know. But since he came to Iran, he says he's seen everything pass through his office except a full-fledged camel caravan. "Maybe next week," John says dreamily. "I gotta hunch about next week."

Adding to the hubbub, Nikolai Diadoneff, the Russian storekeeper, bangs the buzzer on his desk in a vain effort to speed some vital task.

Miss Farouh Esenderouh, dark-haired stenographer, pecks out a requisition on an Iranian typewriter that startles the casual Occidental observer by printing backwards.

Just for a moment the office staff relaxes over some tea, served Iranian fashion, piping hot in glasses, with sugar in irregular lumps like rock candy. But this leisure never lasts long. Soon it's back to deciphering requisitions in English, Russian, French and Iranian.

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

THE mountain of fine-looking bread being carried in North Africa by Sgt. Joe Commiskey of Springfield, Mass., was baked for the stomachs of the hungry members of the Air Forces' famed 57th Fighter Group. As soon as the bread supply arrived from the field bakery, Joe moved it to the 57th's pantry.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. George Aarons. 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. Georg Meyers. 5 & 6—INP. 7—Signal Corps. 9—Sgt. John Bushemi. 10—Bottom, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 12—Upper left, U. S. Navy; upper right, INP; center left, Acme; center right, USMC; lower left, PA; lower center, AAF; lower right, Acme. 13—Upper left, Acme; upper right, U. S. Navy; center right, Signal Corps; center left, Acme; lower center and right, Sgt. Pete Paris. 18—Upper, Sgt. Dillon Ferris; center left and right, Sgt. John Frane; lower, Signal Corps, Camp Croft, S. C. 19—Upper, Photo Dept., Harlingen Army Gunnery School, Tex.; photos of first sergeants, various sources; center left, Base Photo Sect., AAB, Salt Lake City, Utah; center left, Base Photo Sect., Geiger Field, Wash.; lower, PRO, Camp White, Oreg. 20—Warner Bros. 21—Left, Columbia Pictures. 23—PA.

ere are three American soldiers who were killed in battle on the beach at Buna, New Guinea. This hotograph—and others like it emphasizing the grim facts of war—was released by the Government o give the over-optimistic and complacent section of the American public a more realistic picture f the war; to show that American soldiers, as well as German and Japanese, are dying in battle.

What's in a Name? Panama's Sgt. Jesse James Runs Into Trouble

PANAMA CANAL—Ever since he can remember, S/Sgt. Jesse James of Kokomo, Ind., has had a hard time convincing folks he's not kidding in using a name that once belonged to the notorious Missouri bandit. The sergeant is now serving with the Sixth Air Force in the Caribbean.

The name may have its advantages, he says; he's been admitted free to the numerous pictures about the Jesse James gang. But in the long run, it has caused him lots of embarrassment.

Especially with girls, Jesse sighs. He recalls that one fascinating babe he met at a skating party seemed to enjoy his company, and it looked like the beginning of a beautiful friendship. But when he told her his name, the girl glared back indignantly. "If that's the way you want it," she snapped, "mine's Rita Hayworth." And off she walked in a huff.

"That's the way it has always been," Jesse will tell you sadly. "Even when I went down to join the Army, the recruiting sergeant, when he heard my name, looked up and remarked that he was Sgt. York, but would I mind for the good of my country giving my right name? It took a lot of talking before he was convinced."

As for Jesse's folks, they've had similar troubles. You see, his dad's name happens to be Jesse, and his mother's—well, it's Jessie, too. A caller at 2226 North Armstrong Street in Kokomo had to be very specific when he asked to see Jesse James.

When the sergeant once stopped at an Indianapolis hotel with his younger brother, he signed the register first. The clerk regarded the "Jesse James" with suspicion. Turning to the other James boy, he remarked drily, "And no doubt this must be Frank?" "That's right," they chorused. "How did you know?"

Both Frank James and the oldest of the three brothers, James W. James, later enlisted. James James, now a seaman in the Navy, has seen action in the Solomons. Frank was taken prisoner by the Japs in the Philippines.

—Sgt. MICHAEL JAFFEE
YANK Field Correspondent

In England He Loved and Left Her—It Was Just a War or So Ago

ENGLAND—This is as nice a little story of wartime romance as you could hope to find—given, of course, a few wars in a person's lifetime.

George Goulden of Mechanicsville, N. Y., was in the 120th Aero Squadron in the last war. The squadron trained with the Royal Flying Corps, which was then part of the British Army.

George did his training in a small village near Folkestone. He was 22 and he met a girl who was 16. Their puppy-love romance was interrupted when George went to France six months later.

After the war he went home, and the girl and the little village were only a pleasant interlude in his wartime experiences. He married and went to work for the New York Power Company as an electrician. Later on he set himself up in the garage business. His wife died in 1931.

In 1941 the wanderlust came back to George and he joined the Civilians' Technical Corps, recruited among Americans to meet the RAF's expanding need for trained technicians. He came over to England in October 1941.

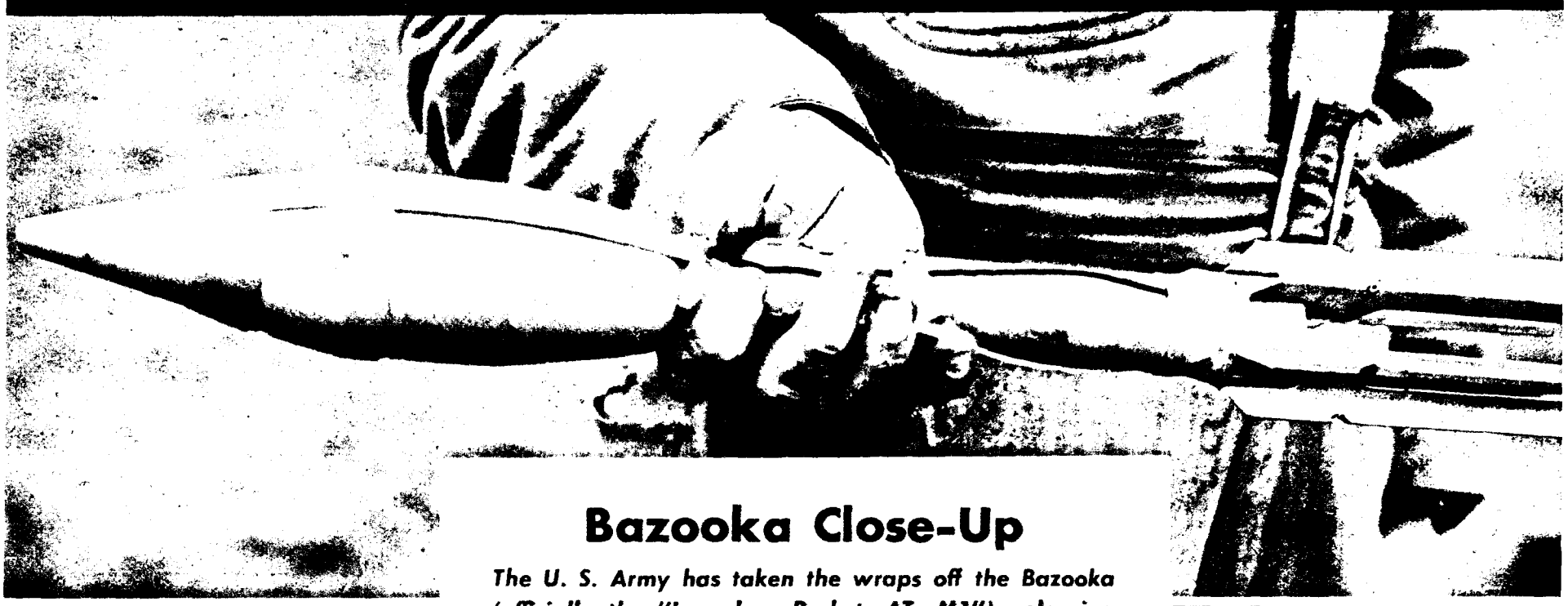
George moved around from place to place and at some point he met a fellow from the small village where he had been stationed in the first war. He asked about his old girl friend. Yes, the fellow knew her. Yes, she was still unmarried. She was a dietician in a London Hospital.

She and George have been married for a year now.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

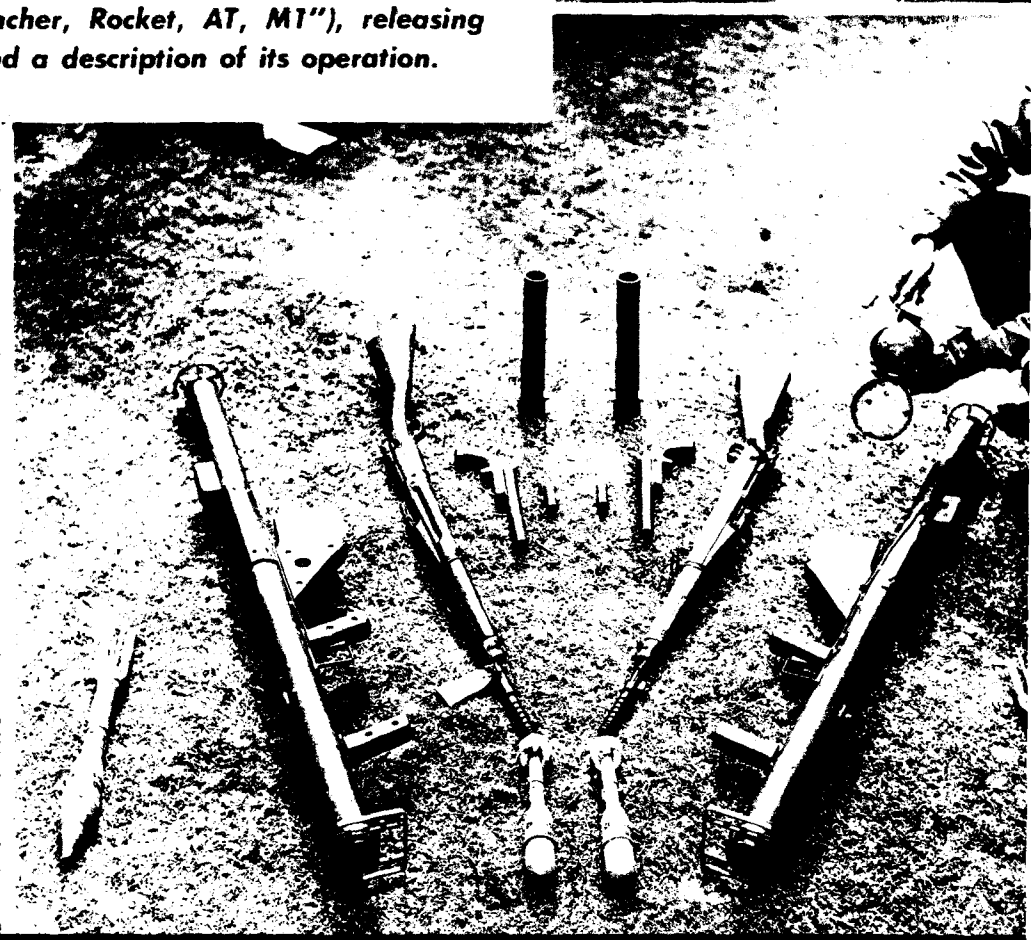
The antitank rocket shell fired by the Bazooka, capable of penetrating the armor of any tank United Nations forces have met. It is 2 feet long.



Bazooka Close-Up

The U. S. Army has taken the wraps off the Bazooka (officially the "Launcher, Rocket, AT, M1"), releasing these pictures and a description of its operation.

The Bazooka in position. Attached to the 50-inch tube are: shoulder stock, front and rear grips, sights and electric battery to set off charge.



A display of rocket-type weapons with the Bazooka and its rocket projectile extreme left and right; then rifles with grenade launchers; Very pistols, center; flare projectors, rear.

Reunion in Reykjavik: Sculptor Discovers His Own Work in Iceland

SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND—When Pfc. Vincent Costante wangled his first pass to town, he noticed a statue of Leif Ericsson, the famous Norse explorer, in the public park at Reykjavik.

The infantryman stood and looked at the statue for almost two hours. Finally a little Icelandic boy, who was watching the whole thing, couldn't stand the suspense any longer. He went over and nudged Costante and asked what was going on.

"I made this statue," Costante said.

It seems that the pfc. was a New York sculptor before he became involved with his local draft board. In his younger days he was an apprentice under Alexander Stirling Calder, whose works decorate public squares all over the world. Costante had sweated out this Leif Ericsson statue under Calder's guidance 13 years ago.

As soon as the little boy spread the word around, the square became crowded with other Icelanders who wanted to see the American sculptor and shake his hand. —Sgt. GENE GRAFF
YANK Staff Correspondent

Pfc. Costante points to statue.

Souvenir and Novelty Company Does Big Business in South Pacific

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—Six GIs, who amused themselves in their leisure by making souvenirs out of Jap shells, now have a profitable business of supplying their comrades with gifts to send home.

Members of an ordnance detachment, T-3 Francis Sample of Chandlerville, Ill., and T-4 Gilbert Bartruff of Pekin, Ill., make knife handles out of aluminum and plastic glass from Jap planes shot down near here. The blades are made from captured Jap bayonets.

T-5 John Dybas of Gary, Ind., has manufactured a number of ashtrays out of Jap shells. He uses smaller-caliber shells for napkin rings and "shot" glasses. Another craftsman, T-5 Albert Gren of Baltimore, Md., makes bracelets from aluminum and rosaries of plastic glass and metal. Pfc. William Reed of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., a former engraver, does all the engraving on the bracelets, knives and ashtrays, inscribing verses by T-3 Reuben Rowlett of Bensenville, Ill.

All the boys are kept busy with orders, and many of the souvenirs have been shipped back to the States. —YANK Field Correspondent

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOLDIER

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF AN INFANTRYMAN IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

The profile of a typical veteran from Guadalcanal, a 21-year-old machine-gun section leader in a North Dakota National Guard outfit, who was recommended for a DSC for extraordinary

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—In an obscure corner of his foot locker Sgt. Kevin A. McCarthy keeps a small tin box containing the souvenirs he has collected since April 1942 when he first arrived in the South Pacific.

He has Australian shillings, New Caledonian francs, a sou from the Hebrides and a few Japanese invasion coins he picked up during some 50 days under fire on Guadalcanal.

"They'll make a nice necklace for Lorraine," he explains. Lorraine is Miss Lorraine Meilke, who is head waitress in a cafe in his home town, Jamestown, N. Dak.

In addition, Mac—as he is known to privates and lieutenant colonels in the 164th Infantry Regiment—has a Jap soldier's pay book, some Nipponese machine-gun shells and citations, and his superior officers have recommended him for a Distinguished Service Cross.

But Mac, a blue-eyed, 21-year-old section leader of two machine-gun squads of Company H in the 164th, would gladly swap his citations for a chance to return to his home at 302 Third Avenue, S. E., in Jamestown. There was a time, during the peak of the Battle of Guadalcanal, when he hoped he would be home in a few weeks. In his less optimistic moments he repeats the slogan that is chanted everywhere in this area, "Golden Gate in '48."

Except for one 15-day furlough in June 1941, he has not been home since he was inducted into Federal service with the North Dakota National Guard on Feb. 10, 1941. Since he sailed from the mainland early last year bound for an unknown Pacific destination, his 19-year-old brother William has been drafted and is now a member of a Tank Destroyer outfit at Camp Hood, Tex. Another brother, Robert, 17, has enrolled in the Navy V program for college and pre-flight training at the Valley State Teachers College.

John, 15; Donald, 13; Tommy, 11, and two sisters, Margaret, who is 8, and Mary, 6, are still at home with Mac's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William S. McCarthy.

A cousin on his mother's side, Pvt. Don Tracy of Jamestown, is a Japanese prisoner of war; he was a medic on Bataan. Two other cousins, Pvt. Francis Tracy of Hettinger, N. Dak., a field artilleryman, and Pvt. James Tracy of Jamestown, member of a searchlight outfit, have been under fire in North Africa.

Mac gets a letter from Lorraine at least once, sometimes twice, a week, and his mother writes every Sunday. Occasionally he hears from Father Gerrity, who is still at St. James', and from some of the nuns who were his teachers at St. John's Academy. He was graduated in June 1939, one of a class of 36.

Like most Americans in the Army, Mac had not planned to be a soldier. At St. John's he took a business course, typing and shorthand. For several summers he worked on Dakota wheat farms. One summer he was a laborer in Yellowstone Park, and another he worked with his father, a section boss for the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Ever since he can remember, Mac has gone rabbit hunting in the winter. He was a Boy Scout, a member of the Catholic Youth Organization, and played football and basketball in high school.

After his graduation he took a job as a short-order cook working nights in a small cafe. That was only temporary. Two evenings a week, from 7:30 to 9 P. M., he drilled in the local armory. He had enlisted in Company H of the 164th in the summer of 1938 mainly "because almost all the fellows I knew were joining the National Guard."

When Company H and the rest of the North Dakota National Guard were inducted into Federal service, he was a private first class, the No. 2 gunner on a Browning heavy .30 machine gun. He was working in a garage then, towing used cars from Milwaukee to Jamestown.

NOBODY thought much about it when he and 64 other Jamestown boys left for Camp Claiborne, La. They were going away for a year; that was all.

"It'll do you good," said his father, who had been a private in a Quartermaster outfit on the high seas when the 1918 Armistice came.

Mac thought Claiborne was tough. The 164th was temporarily attached to the 34th Division, which later took part in the first landing in North Africa and fought the famous battle of Hill 609 in Tunisia. Like the others, the men of Company H drilled with wooden rifles and broomsticks. They went on a few night maneuvers, sleeping in shelter halves and bitching, and in August and September took part in the Louisiana maneuvers.

Someone occasionally chalked OHIO signs on the barracks. That meant "Over the Hill in October," and there was a lot of beefing when Congress passed the bill extending service to 18 months.

Late in November a corporal from New York City was making bets that the United States would be at war with Japan by Dec. 12. Everybody laughed at him—until he collected $500 the morning of Dec. 8. That morning the 164th was alerted and on Dec. 12 started for the West Coast.

They were in San Francisco a few days, attached to the San Francisco Bay Defense and sleeping in the stalls of a livestock pavilion. On Christmas Day they were on their way to Oregon, and Chaplain Thomas J. Tracy of Bismarck, N. Dak., said mass in the snow beside the train.

In a few more weeks they were on their way to California again, this time to prepare for shipment overseas. Latrine rumor said their destination was Australia, and Mac bought a map of the Pacific to see how far he'd be from North Dakota. They sailed on Mar. 18.

In Australia he had two dates with a girl whose name he can't remember, but "she was lots of fun, and she thought all Americans, including me, were wonderful. We had a swell time."

A few days later the 164th sailed from Australia for a place Mac had never heard about. It was New Caledonia.

There he walked seven miles to see 2-year-old movies and learned a few words of French, like saying *"bon jour"* or *"tres jolie"* to the girls. He learned to drink hot chocolate instead of coffee and fought mosquitoes that made the memories of Camp Claiborne seem like kindergarten stuff.

The training program was tougher, too. Ten days in the field was not unusual, and Mac and his crew took turns carrying their Browning automatic and its tripod. The gun with water weighed 40 pounds, the tripod 54, and the ammunition 21 pounds per box. There were times both in New Cal and later when he and the crew swore the whole shebang weighed a ton. In the crew were Pfcs. Alvin Knapp of Groton, S. Dak., second in command; James Johnson of Jamestown, No. 1 gunner; Carl Bowlin of Duluth, Minn., No. 2 gunner; and Emory Mercer of Kankakee, Ill., and David Smercansky of Glen Robbins, Ohio, ammunition carriers.

About the time they'd decided they'd be in New Cal for the duration, secret orders came through. Sergeants from headquarters said it was Guadalcanal. On the evening of Oct. 12, 1942, they saw the dim, shadowy outline of the Solomon Islands. It was Mac's twenty-first birthday.

Although it was only mid-afternoon it was as dark as night, and they missed the marines. They started a second time and brought back seven marines in the carrier.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bravery in action north of Henderson Field. Now he is sweating out the end of the battle with the Japs so that he can return again to the girl, family and home town he has not seen since June 1941.

The first scouts left the ship in Higgins landing boats at a spot near Lunga Point on the north central shore of the 'Canal. At 5 A. M. Mac's party landed, and an hour later they were bombed for the first time by two-motored Mitsubishi bombers.

"Sure we were scared," Mac will tell you. "Show me a man who says he isn't scared when he's under fire, and I'll show you a liar."

It took several hours to unload the transports, and Mac piled ammunition on the beach. There were two other raids during the day, and at dusk Jap artillery near Point Cruz fired on them intermittently. That night everyone dug foxholes, deep but not as deep as they were to dig later. About midnight a Jap naval force began firing toward the shore. Fourteen-inchers and star shells zoomed over their heads, but there were no hits.

"It was the noise that got you," Mac recalls. "You thought it would never stop. You thought every shell had your number on it. That night was the worst for most of us, I guess. Probably because it was the first."

The shelling stopped at daylight, and there was another bombing attack at 5 A. M. That made the fourth. There were 30 during the first 10 days.

The 164th moved into the perimeter of defense about a quarter of a mile north of Henderson Field, relieving the Marines. "They were so glad to see us, some of them lay right down on the ground and cried," Mac says.

On Oct. 26, the second day of what has since become known as the Battle of Henderson Field, Mac performed what Col. Bryant E. Moore, then commanding the 164th, said was "commendable service in keeping with the traditions and past performances of our regiment."

What he did seemed ordinary enough to Mac. "Anybody would have acted the same way."

He and his crew were manning the last gun on the Second Battalion flank, about half a mile northeast of Henderson on the perimeter of defense. Japs were moving up with infantry supported by machine-gun and mortar fire. The orders were to hold.

About 50 yards to the left was the Lunga River; to the right was a thick jungle in which a detachment of Japs was firing light machine guns. About 200 yards straight ahead the Japs had established a CP, and in front of the CP and directly in the Jap line of fire was a Marine outpost. There had been heavy fire for about 15 hours, and the Japs were advancing.

That was when Mac got his idea. It was easy to see the marines couldn't last long under the heavy Nip barrage, so he shouted to Pvt. Thomas Campbell of Minneapolis, Minn., who was driving up a Bren-gun carrier filled with ammunition.

"I think we can save those marines. Want to help?"

"Okay," said Campbell. Cpl. Floyd Springer of Jamestown, who was in charge of a nearby gun squad, also agreed. So did Knapp. The four of them mounted a light machine gun on the rear of the carrier. There was already one on the front, and they were ready.

Cpl. Bob Havelick and Pfc. Leroy Chilson, both of Jamestown, opened the barbed-wire gate in front of the gun position, and with Campbell driving and Mac, Knapp and Springer keeping up a heavy barrage of fire, they moved to the spot where they thought the marines were.

Although it was only mid-afternoon it was dark as night, and they missed the marines. Then they drove back to their gun, and Mac shouted to the marines. One of them stood up, and Mac shot an azimuth with his compass. They started a second time and brought back seven marines in the carrier. On the third trip they brought back two who were wounded and three others, and on the fourth they rescued the last eight. In all, 20 men were saved.

The Battle for Henderson Field lasted until dawn on Oct. 27, when the Jap offensive was repulsed and Mac and his crew, who had been three days and three nights without sleep, were relieved.

They rested for two days and on the morning of Nov. 2 began moving with the rest of the Second Battalion toward Koli Point, where a reported Jap force of 3,000 had been landed. They marched almost 170 miles in nine days, fighting every inch of the way after the second day, taking turns carrying their gun, tripod and ammunition and sleeping on the ground. They had one hot meal in nine days.

They would shout at the Japs "Surrender, you bastards!" and the Japs would holler back "Hell with you" or something less printable. When they charged, the Japs would shout in English, "Blood for the Emperor."

On the evening of Nov. 12, Mac and his squad watched the biggest naval battle of the Solomons, only 20 miles off shore, between the islands of Savo and Tulagi. "It was a pretty big thing, I guess; I mean it was exciting and all, but it just reminded me of the fireworks at the Stutsman County Fair back home," Mac says.

The next day the Japs were driven from Koli Point, and Mac had two days of rest. Then the regiment was sent to Point Cruz to relieve another outfit. Of that engagement, he says: "We didn't get into much of the heavy fighting. We dug in for 28 days; we didn't have one hot meal in all that time, and there were so many air raids I forgot to count them. It was mostly a holding action."

When they were relieved, the battle was nearly over. Company H moved behind the lines and was placed on guard duty. On Dec. 22 Mac came down with malaria, and he spent Christmas in the hospital. After five days he was back on guard duty, but on Jan. 28 the medics ordered his evacuation to this quiet South Pacific island. He had been made a sergeant on Jan. 13.

MAC is no story-book soldier. He does not pretend he enjoys war. He's been in the South Pacific for almost a year and a half now, and he wants to hear American spoken again. First, however, he recognizes that a war must be won.

He is proud of the Infantry, prouder than he was when he became a soldier in February 1941. "They said airplanes would win the war," he says. "Well, they help, sure. They're necessary. But over the 'Canal and in North Africa and every place else they find out that in the clinches it's not the planes or the tanks, it's the Infantry that wins wars."

Sometimes he worries about what will happen after the war, worries about a job and whether he wants to spend the rest of his life in Jamestown or whether he'll stay in the Army. He worries mainly about the fact that in the Infantry he hasn't learned a trade, and he thinks the Army ought to give all infantrymen a chance to learn one after the duration.

Meantime, he's anxious only to finish the hard fighting that he knows lies ahead. "It's like going to the dentist; you don't like it, but you know it has to be done," he says.

Down on the 'Canal he got acquainted with Capt. (now Maj.) Joe Foss of Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

What did they talk about?

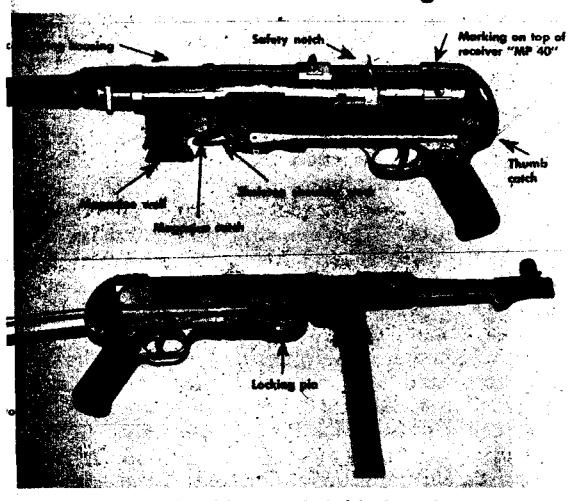
"We talked about home, of course," says Mac, "and wondered how the crops had been and if things would be changed when we get back. What else is there to talk about?"

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rman Submachine Gun

(MP 38 AND MP 40)

Material for this article on enemy weapons was prepared by the War Department's Military Intelligence Service with the assistance of the Ordnance Intelligence Unit.



Skeleton shoulder stock folded and open.

ALTHOUGH this weapon was originally designed for use by parachute troops, it can now be found in general use in all combat units of the German Army. The construction is simple, and both the MP 38 and the more recent MP 40, which has been issued in large quantities, are reliable weapons. They fire from an open bolt, and the pressure in the barrel forces the bolt back in order to extract and eject the empty cartridge case. The spring then forces the bolt forward again, chambering and firing a new round. [MP is an abbreviation for *Maschinenpistole*, literally "machine pistol."]

How to Identify. The MP 38 and MP 40 may be identified by—

1) Folding skeleton shoulder stock.
2) Absence of wood (these guns are all metal and plastic).
3) Fixed and folding, open rear rights.
4) Hooded front sight.
5) Marking ("MP 38" and "MP 40") on top of the receiver.
6) Corrugations on the receiver casing of the MP 38; smooth surface on the receiver casing of the MP 40.

Characteristics. The MP 38 and MP 40 are simple blowback-operated submachine guns; they are magazine-fed, air-cooled shoulder weapons which may also be fired from the hip. They are used for close work and are not effective at the longer ranges. They fire from an open bolt and deliver full-automatic fire only. Although the MP 40 is slightly lighter and has a slower rate of fire, both types are the same for all practical purposes.

TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS

Principle of operation	Straight blowback, full-automatic fire only.
Caliber	9 mm (.354 inch).
Capacity of magazine	32 rounds in removable box magazine.
Sights:	
Front	Inverted V blade, with cover.
Rear:	
Fixed	Open V notch, sighted to 100 meters (109 yards).
Folding	Open V notch, sighted to 200 meters (219 yards).
Length	Over-all, with shoulder stock extended, 33½ inches.
Weight	With loaded magazine, 10 pounds 7 ounces.
Range:	
Effective	200 yards.
Maximum	1,850 yards.
Rate of fire (practical)	80 to 90 rounds per minute (in short bursts).

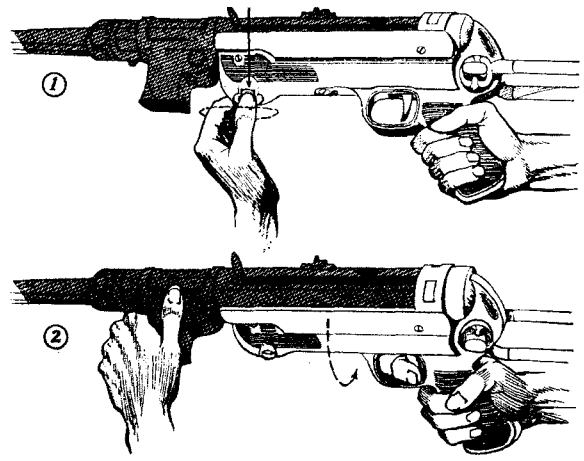
Here's how it is held, using skeleton shoulder stock.

How to Operate. *Safety.*—The only safety on these guns is the notch marked "S" (*sicher*—"safe") at the butt end of the cut made for the operating handle in the receiver. To make the gun "safe," pull the operating handle back as far as it will go and then push it upward into the safety notch. This is not a positive safety, as a jump or a fall may disengage the operating handle from the safety notch and leave the gun ready to fire.

To load and fire.—Press the thumb catch above the pistol grip in order to release the skeleton shoulder stock from its folded position. Snap the shoulder stock into extended position and unfold the butt plate. Pull the operating handle back and switch it into the feedway on the under side of the receiver until the magazine catch engages. Disengage the operating handle from the safety notch; then aim and squeeze the trigger. The magazine can serve as a grip while firing.

To unload.—Press the magazine catch and remove the magazine. Check the chamber to be sure that it is empty. After pressing the trigger, let the operating handle go forward slowly.

Ammunition. The ammunition used in these guns is the standard 9-mm Parabellum cartridge, used in all German pistols and submachine guns. This is a rimless, straight-case cartridge with a round-nose, jacketed bullet. The German nomen-



Receiver is removed (1) by pulling out locking pin and (2) turning counterclockwise.

clature for this ammunition is Pistolenpatronen 08 ("pistol cartridges 08"). It comes in cases containing 4,160 rounds, packed in multiples of 16 rounds in cartons and packages. Ammunition (9-mm) manufactured for the British Sten submachine gun (called a machine carbine by the British) can be used in the MP 38 and MP 40. Italian 9-mm pistol ammunition other than model 34 will also function. But the German-issue ammunition should be used whenever possible.

Maintenance. *Oiling and cleaning.*—These submachine guns are cleaned and oiled in the same manner as the U. S. Thompson submachine gun. In sandy or dusty country, oil should be used sparingly or not at all.

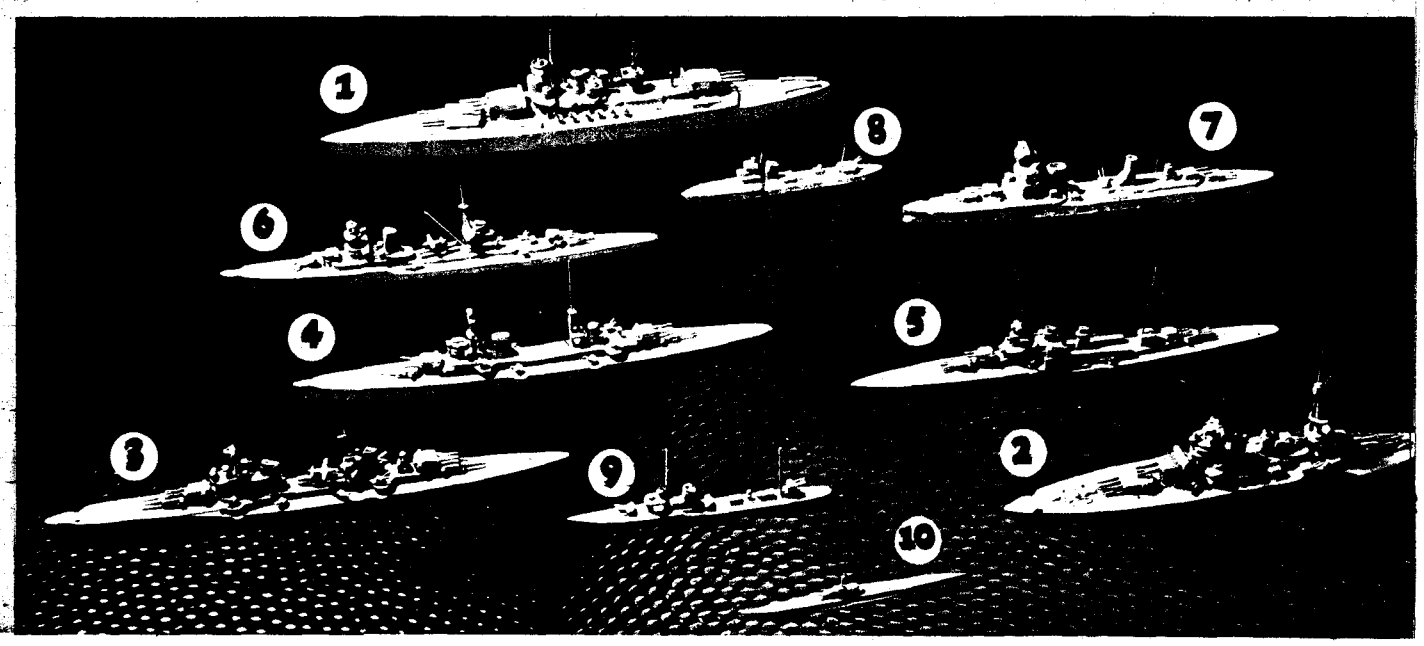
Stripping.—First, be sure that the gun is unloaded and unlocked. Pull out the locking pin located on the bottom front portion of the receiver behind the magazine well and turn the pin a little to keep it unlocked. Grasp the barrel with the left hand and the pistol grip with the right; press the trigger and at the same time turn the receiver in a counterclockwise direction, holding the magazine housing in its normal position. It will then be possible to separate the receiver from the barrel and from the magazine housing. Remove the bolt and recoil spring from the receiver by means of the operating handle. The recoil spring may be removed from the telescoping recoil-spring housing.

Assembly.—Assemble the recoil spring to the recoil-spring housing. Replace the recoil-spring assembly and bolt into the receiver. Hold the trigger back, and assemble the receiver to the barrel and the magazine housing by holding the magazine housing and then inserting the receiver and turning it in a clockwise direction. Turn the locking pin so that it snaps in.

Accessories. Six magazines and a magazine filler are carried in a web haversack. Four magazines are sometimes carried on a magazine holder attached to the belt. A small cleaning outfit is carried on the person, and a sling is attached to these guns for carrying purposes.

Here are the Types of Italian Ships Now Controlled by the Allies

E models show the various types of ships ably acquired by the Allies when they for most of the Italian Navy recently in Mediterranean. (1) The Littorio class battle- 35,000 tons with nine 15-inch guns, is armored and has a high speed of 30 (2) The Cesare class battleship is a recon- model of 1911-1913 with a 27-knot (3) The Bolzano is a modified version Trento class, an 8-inch gun cruiser 36 knots, while (5) the Giuseppe and (6) the Emanuele Filiberto are Italian light cruisers with 6-inch guns. Condottieri class is very small and fast— with thin armor and 6-inch guns. class and (9) the Grecale class 38-knot destroyers, and (10) the Italy's excellent submarines.



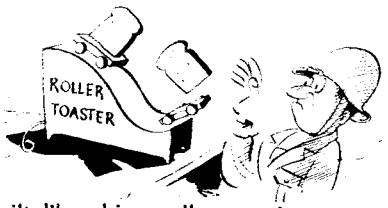
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Plea to the Post-War Planners

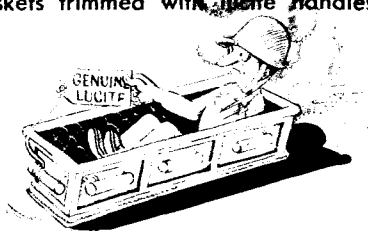
or

PLEASE DON'T STREAMLINE MOTHER WHILE I'M GONE

SITTING here, in my foxhole muddy,
please don't think me fuddy-duddy
if I say that I'm not fighting
for plywood pants and Neon lighting;
and if I seem to doubt the worth of
some things *you* seem to think the earth of.
Oh, hear, far seers: permit a Pharisee
to sing his sour song of heresy.
Your *post*-war world is strictly "pheasant";
Today is "Spam"—my needs are *present*.
I've little need for breakfast toasters,



built like shiny roller coasters.
Cummerbund of soy-bean sacking
from my wardrobe's plainly lacking.
I need no girdle wove of plastic
nor baseball bat of glass elastic
nor yet a plane that's minus torque,
or even razor blades of cork.
I've little use for synthesized
soup, or operas (soapy) televised,
or trips to Mars in Roman candles,
or caskets trimmed with lucite handles,



or wireless ballots for brainless voters,
or Buicks with transparent motors,
or movies shown in four dimensions,
or breakfast foods of fringed gentians.
Give Gernsback back his grim inventions!

My love for them is sub-platonic.
I can do without your supersonic,
combination, candy-coated,
radium-dialed and ruby-throated,
chromium-plated,
numbered, dated,
ultra-hyper generated,
electro-magno-gyro steered,
acorn-fueled, six-speed geared,
strato-turbine,
intra-urban,
rotor, rocket,
plug-in socket,
superdooper-dyne devices,
born of copywriter's vices—
too much gin and orange ices,
(plus Pernod, Sterno, benzedrine)—
portrayed in poster-magazine,
the livid-vivid world they mean
for us to want, when on returning,
we resume our pre-war yearning
for spending more than we are earning.
Oh, post-war planners, men of science,
though I applaud your each appliance,
permit this note of loud defiance.
Your genius I will gladly bow to,
even curtsy and kowtow to—
but not until you've figured how to
send a female
via V-Mail.

—T/Sgt. PHILIP REISMAN JR., USMC.
Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Pvt. Onnie of the Engineers Has Serial Number Zero

NEW GUINEA—Pfw. Hee Onana Gona has been in New Guinea for nine years, but he's just a rookie in an American Negro engineers outfit.

"Pfw." is a purely unofficial title meaning "private fuzzy wuzzy." And Onnie is not actually in the Army of the United States—just attached for rations and quarters. He's an orphaned native who has been adopted by the engineers. Onnie came wandering around one day as the engineers were hard at work. They took him to chow and he's been around ever since, by mutual consent.

Officially, of course, Onnie isn't supposed to live and eat with the engineers. Australian authorities once took Onnie away to return him to his native village. The engineers, knowing Onnie's tricks, cagily got a receipt showing they'd surrendered him—lock, stock and barrel (if fuzzy wuzzies have such things).

Half an hour later Onnie returned to the engineers' camp. How he got away he never told, but since then both Australian and American officials have wisely ignored Onnie's presence. The receipt frees the engineers from all responsibility for their orphan mascot.

Onnie has a cot, mosquito bar, foot locker with "ASN 0" on it and a GI uniform with a distinctly drape shape. Each part of his uniform was donated by a different member of the outfit. Miles too large, the clothing has been cut down to something near Onnie's pee-wee size. When Sgt. Charles Pope of Chicago went to Australia, the engineers contributed money so he could buy children's shoes and other articles Onnie needed.

Onnie is a good-natured, grinning native boy who already speaks pretty good English. He brushes his teeth, takes atabrine daily, washes and showers, can almost drive a jeep and tries to be soldierly in every way. His GI job is messenger, and he's as swift and reliable as the man who carried the message to Garcia.

For two hours each night he goes to private school, with 1st Sgt. Leander H. Scott Jr. of Fayetteville, N. C., as his instructor. The other night he learned to count all the way to 300. Scott, who is Onnie's chief guardian, threatens to spank him for cursing, gambling or other breaches of a good boy's behavior.

In his spare time Onnie is becoming quite an athlete. He goes to every baseball game, boxing or wrestling match in the engineers' jungle camp. Then he gets the good-natured Negro engineers to let him take part in the sports. At night he plays checkers; soon after learning the game, he beat Scott.

Occasionally Onnie gets mad, but he's got a slick way of avoiding a spanking. He swears in Papuan, a languge he's refused to teach the engineers, so they won't know when he's cursing.

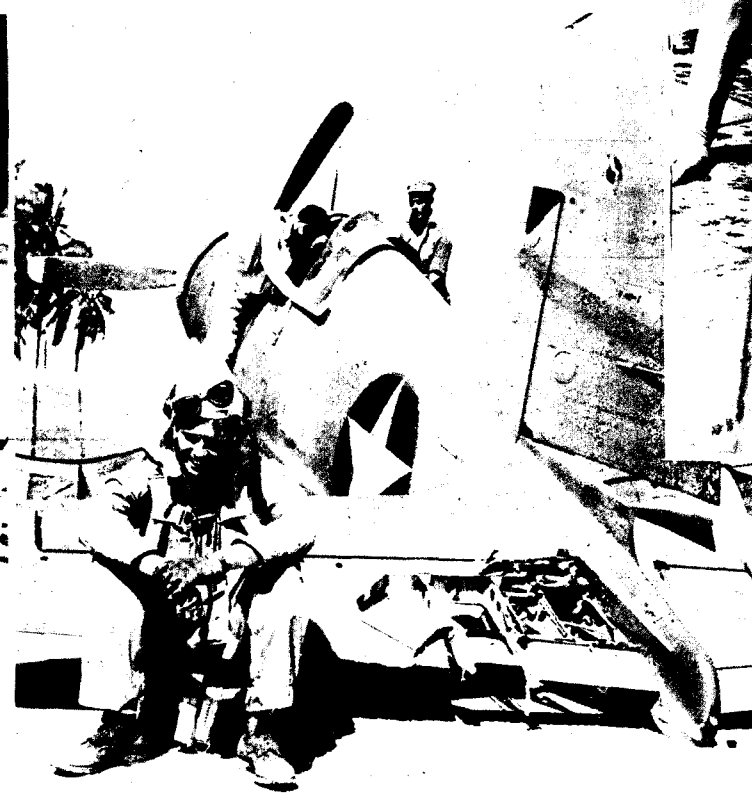
—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY THE C

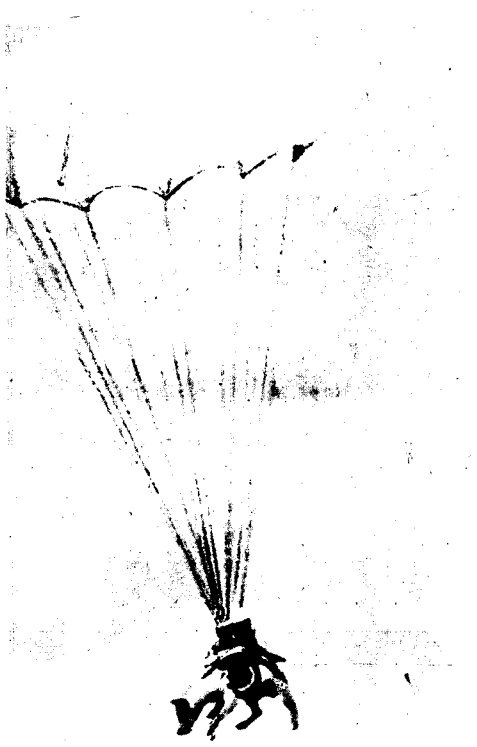
ACTION ... ADAK. Football in this Andreanof island base is an uncertain business with a field that must have been trampled on by wild horses. But here's the kick-off, with some soldiers weighed down by their beards, others racing to beat the ball.

DOG BALL. What a friend! Brownie holds ball while Johnny Hedrick, Huntington, W. Va., kicks.



AN INDESTRUCTIBLE. Though a big chunk of his Corsair's tail was torn off, 1st Lt. Donald L. Balch, Marine fighter pilot, landed it safely on a South Pacific field.

SUCCESS STORY. Jacqueline Dalya made her way from winning beauty contests to a stage role in Los Angeles to an offer of a job in the movies.



PARAPUP. Salvo, a fox terrier, nears end of a 1,500-foot jump at Andrews Field, England.

HERO'S MOTHER. Mrs. Rittie Williams of Prattville Ala., receives Silver Star awarded posthumously to her son, Pvt. Jack Williams, for gallantry in New Guinea.

FIVE MIRACLES. Starlets is what they call them, making their way in the Hollywood sky. Working for 20th Century-Fox, they have been given roles in four

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOL DAYS. "I don't wanna!" yells 5-year-old Michael Kanka, very unhappy about starting school in Chicago, Ill. It was a nice sunny day, too.

Navy men know just how to get into the spirit of a place. Look at those pretty pants (upper left)! But the main attraction is these hula-hula girls whisking their skirts for officers and men on leave from an aircraft carrier in Honolulu.

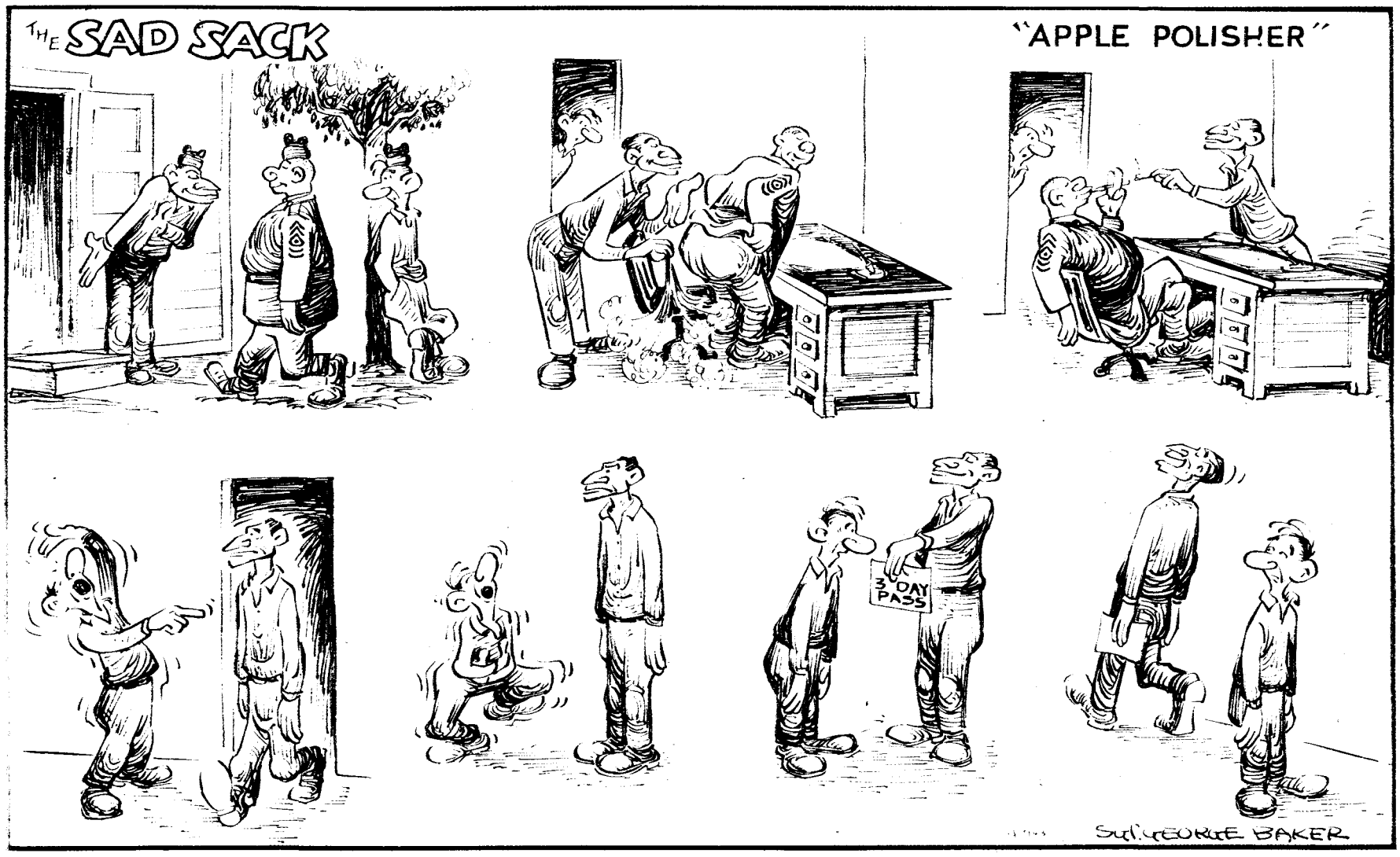
JUNGLE FIGHTER. In the dark-green light of New Georgia Island, Pvt. Lloyd Culuck, tired and unshaven, eats can of B rations, using top as fork.

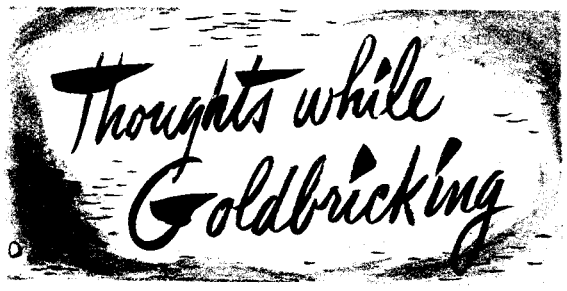
WILD MULE. Pvt. Stanley Davies of a British Highland Division rides a swastika-branded steed captured in Sicily.

new major pictures. Left to right, they are: Trudy Marshall, Jeanne Crain, Gale Robbins, June Haver and Mary Anderson. Never say we don't show you the best!

FASHION NOTES. What Yanks are doing to cool their toes, heels or soles in North Africa. These are two examples of American ingenuity. Made from GI shoes, about ready for salvage anyway, the right one shows the open, or barred, toe style, and the left—well, you name it.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





By Pvt. WILLIAM SAROYAN

"I SUPPOSE," Pvt. Push Delaney said to his pal, Pvt. Brick Stumblefeather, "the way to win a war is to go right in there and put a stop to it."

"Correct," Pvt. Stumblefeather said. "Correct you are," he said softly.

The two men were stretched out on their backs on the far side of a new latrine pit coming up in Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. The sweet weather of Southern autumn had swooned down almost as if the place weren't a camp at all, but a lot of lazy land lying around for worms, bugs and butterflies to fool around in—which they were doing.

The only other thing that was fooling around nearby was a human being, a corporal.

He was in the pit with a shovel, digging.

His name was Orville Swoop. He wore glasses, he kept abreast of the times by reading the latrine walls and believed in reincarnation. Even though he was in charge of the detail, he was in the pit fooling around with a shovel, and the two privates were lying in the grass, listening to the butterflies and continuing their nine-month-old Socratic dialogue.

This memorable conversation regarding man's role in nature and art had begun when Push Delaney, running to chow, misjudged his direction, ran into chapel and pushed his mess kit in front of Brick Stumblefeather, who was on his hands and knees with GI soap, a brush and a bucket of water.

Brick dipped the mess kit into the bucket of water and handed it back to Push, a total stranger. Push surveyed the situation and saw the mistake.

"Religion," he said.

He poured the contents of his mess kit back into the bucket, whereupon Brick said the second word of the now-famous Delaney-Stumblefeather dialogues.

"Methodist?"

"Episcopalian," Push replied, "but *reformed* Episcopalian."

In this manner the two thinkers of Fort Oglethorpe began their friendship. Nine months had ripened the friendship to the consistency of camembert cheese.

In the pit, doing his duty (as he liked to say), Cpl. Swoop felt that all was right in the world. As the smallest of the three men he had been convinced by the other two that *his* place was in the hole with the shovel and theirs outside under the sky. Cpl. Swoop had been digging the hole for 11 days and the two men themselves, extremely critical of such things, had said it was a pretty hole, getting prettier every day.

"I notice," Pvt. Push Delaney had told the corporal only three days before, "you've gone to work and pushed the hole southward, so to speak, rather than northward. That is the sign of a superior man—a leader of men, a man doomed to be a candidate for OCS. The South is God's own region, and all things push toward it."

"Correct," Pvt. Stumblefeather had said. "By God, if I ever heard a correct thing spoken, that southward stuff was it."

Cpl. Swoop was a fighting 127 pounds in weight, wearing away to a cool hundred, while Pvts. Delaney and Stumblefeather were each past the 200 mark, going on 210, and no kidney trouble. One of them, if settled into the pit, could work along with a shovel very nicely, but Pvt. Delaney demonstrated to the satisfaction of Cpl. Swoop that if it came to swift, effective action—the free use of the arms and feet—it wouldn't quite do. Here Push stretched his arms out and touched the walls of the pit, then kicked them.

"The responsibility here," he said, "is plainly the privilege of the smaller type of man. It is a responsibility to cherish and thank God for."

"Correct," Brick said, "and the sooner the better." Whereupon Brick lifted the little man and gently lowered him into the hole, while Push got out of the way, saying, "After you, corporal."

The butterflies got noisy along in the afternoon and woke Push out of a dream of Betty Grable.

"And I suppose, further," he said, "the way to win a girl, or as the boys from Brooklyn say, *goil*, is to go right in——"

"Correct," Brick said.

"Go right in," Push continued, "and ask her what seems to be the trouble. Girls have a heap of trouble men don't know about, and the only way to find out what's bothering them is to ask them."

"Correct," Brick said. "I ask them every time. I don't leave it to chance. Correct you are," he said softly.

The thinkers looked at the sky and went on with their thinking, the worms fooled around here and there, the corporal dug the pit. In this manner another day wore on pleasantly, as correct as correct can be.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Coleman *Levy* *Smith* *Cubbage* *Wilcke* *Sweeney*

Pfc. Bill Coleman, Australia, tells Cpl. Glen Pace who is in New Guinea: "Stoney, Doug and I are not far away. Let's keep in touch with you." Pace should write to Coleman c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* . . . **Pfc. Aaron Levy** in N. Africa wants to get in touch with his friends of the Paul Weisser Club, Newark, N. J. Morris Feldshon, Danny Peller, Lou Shusterman, Harry Wallach, Ben Linzer, Sammy Klein, Albert Simon and others should write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* . . . **T-5 Jimmy A. Smith** of San Francisco, Calif., now in Iceland, wants Pfc. George Chalmers, stationed at Camp Callan, San Diego, to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

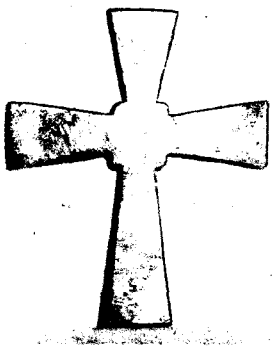
Cpl. Stewart Cubbage of Davenport, Iowa, now in Iceland, will be pestering his chaplain for a TS ticket if Pfc. Roy C. Heeter, Presque Island, Maine, doesn't increase his production of letters. Heeter can write to his friend c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* . . . From India, **Sgt. Carol Wilcke** of Dayton, Ohio, says hello to all his lucky friends in his old outfit at Patterson Field, Ohio. He tells them: "I sure cooked my goose when I enlisted on that foreign shipment. I guess they tore up the return tickets." . . . **Pfc. Leonard Sweeney** of Winooski, Vt., now in Iran, wants his brother-in-law, Cpl. Charles Kingston of Staten Island, N. Y., to send his address.

Mail Call

Dear YANK:
Who likes to write a lot of love stuff to his wife or girl when, afterwards, its embarrassing to meet the officer who has read your mail? We boys will die for the Army, but our mail is sacred. Why not have a censor far removed from the soldier's company?

Australia —**Pvt. RAYMOND T. WHITE**

Dear YANK:
Out here the boys are doing a good business in Jap souvenirs. Here is a cross I made for you from the propeller of a Zero. A Zero is worth more to us on the ground than it is to the Japs in the air. Our men can make over a thousand rings from one propeller—and some boys get $10 for each ring. Jerry Luizzi, from Providence, R. I., started the idea. I never made a ring before and did not think that I could, but I made one that I was offered $25 for.



New Georgia, Solomons —**Pfc. ARMANDO DEL PONTO**

Dear YANK:
With all due respect to Pfc. Roy E. Peck, who is certainly not enjoying a rest cure in New Guinea, I'd like to take exception to his letter in an August issue of YANK. Strikes in war time are inexcusable, but there is also no excuse for his talking about "coming back to put on one of the biggest housecleanings Uncle Sam ever had." I know Pvt. Peck is a patriotic American, but that kind of talk smacks of Fascism, and it's exactly what we're fighting against. I'm not defending wartime strikers, but the truth is that strikes have been blown up out of proportion to their number and importance. Sure, there are goldbricks among defense workers as well as among soldiers, but the vast majority are doing a swell job. The fact that we're on the offensive and winning battles is proof. When Roy Peck and I are demobilized, we'll both be darned glad that labor unions have protected the standard of our wages and working conditions. We've got a great country. Let's keep it that way. Let's not talk like storm troopers and Ku Kluxers. If we've got to hate somebody, let's hate the Nazis and Japs.

834 Sig. Phot. Det., Los Angeles, Calif. —**Pvt. CARL FOREMAN**

Dear YANK:
In answer to Sgt. Roller's letter in a July issue, we well remember your march from Toccoa to Atlanta. But you forgot to mention the time out for eating and sleeping. If it weren't for the censor I'd like to tell about a little forced march we made here.

Sicily —**Pfc. CLIFF MAUGHAN**

Dear YANK:
I've just finished a letter to the heart throb, and I'm following your suggestion of investing in the greatest pulp mag of the twentieth century. Yep, here in the wilds of Texas YANK is our only means of contact with the civilized world.

Kelly Field, Tex. —**Pvt. J. M. SCARLETT**

Dear YANK:
I would like to comment on Leader Geneva Thomas' remark which you quoted in your story on the Wacs in an August issue: "In civilian clothes you're just another 4-F, as we call civilian girls." Leader Thomas and all the GI girls who insist on calling girls who are not in uniform "4-Fs" do not show forethought or sportsmanship. I would like to point out that there are girls employed in war industries who are taking a chance of losing arms, legs and even their lives every minute of the day while they're on the job. These girls do not wear uniforms, but every soldier who has used their stuff should thank his lucky stars that they are making airplanes, tanks, and guns to keep him fighting and the U. S. winning the war. I suggest a different name for civilian girls out of uniform. All American girls are strictly 1-A.

Alaska —**T-5 BILL BALD Jr.**

Dear YANK:
I just finished reading an August issue of YANK, and I'm sick and tired of the way people razz Brooklyn. In answer to a soldier who asked YANK to write a story about Brooklyn, you said: "We sent a man out and if he gets back alive we'll have a story for you." Well, it better be a good one, or a lot of boys from Brooklyn in the Army will be very angry. Brooklyn is really a swell place, and we don't go around razzing other towns.

India —**Pvt. JOHN S. CYRAN**

Dear YANK:
The boys from Brooklyn in my company never stop having verbal battles based on the pride of their home town. On the day we lined up for our first shots a boy from the Bronx and a boy from Brooklyn were arguing like mad. The Bronx boy said Brooklyn stank and the Brooklyn boy said the Bronx was stagnant. This went on for half an hour. Finally, the Brooklyn boy stepped up for his shots and just after receiving them passed out cold. The orderlies picked him up, carried him to a cot and proceeded to revive him. When he finally came to his first words were: "Fellas, don't blame it on Brooklyn—it's my fault."

Vint Hill Farms Station, Va. —**Pfc. JOSEPH L. STIER**

Dear YANK:
In his letter to *Mail Call* in a June issue, S/Sgt. James A. Campbell complained: "It's unjust that enlisted men are required to wear the regulation GI khakis when off duty when officers are permitted to buy and wear gabardines and tropical worsteds." . . . So what! The fellows at the front are lucky if they get a change of clothing once every two weeks, but they're too busy fighting to be fickle about neat appearance. If all staffs are as shallow minded as this one, buck privates at the front are worth 10 staffs back home.

—**Pfc. ROBERT L. STEVENSON**
Guadalcanal **and T-4 GEORGE A. DE COOK**

Dear YANK:
I am surprised, disturbed and discouraged by your picture in a May issue of a soldier in shorts, captioned "Tropical dress: new GI uniform for hot places." As you know, malaria is prevalent in the tropics and is acquired through the bite of the infected female malaria *(Anopheline)* mosquito. Therefore, the more exposed parts we offer to her, the easier it will be for her to bite. Conversely, the more we keep covered by wearing long pants and shirts with sleeves rolled down and buttoned in front the harder it will be for her to find a spot to bite.

New Guinea —**Maj. HAROLD M. JESURUN**
Assistant Malariologist Headquarters, USAFFE

Dear YANK:
This is a picture of Pfc. Alex Smallwood and me. He was drafted last November, has his own service record and has been inoculated against woodworm, termites and woodpeckers with shots of creosote. I am wondering if there are many other GI ventriloquists.

—**Cpl. BOB MUNSTEDT**
Salinas Army Air Base, Calif.

Dear YANK:
In a July issue I read that T/Sgt. Bill Mayhugh in Cairo has a 21-course dinner he serves his men. I've never been in Cairo, but I've been a mess sergeant for a few years and I doubt this. I realize a lot of strange things may happen in the desert, but our field ration has never consisted of everything from soup to nuts, and as far back as I can remember we've never drawn fish and beef for the same meal. Is it possible he combines all three meals into one and has a party? Or does he have a lot of men take week-end passes and draw rations for them while they're away?

North Fort Lewis, Wash. —**Sgt. BILL TALKINGTON**

MESSAGE CENTER

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

A. CHARLIE ADKINS of the Bronx, N. Y., once stationed at Fort George G. Meade, Md.: write Robert A. McHugh AM3c. . . . "BUCK" ALBIN, with the Marines in the S. Pacific: write Pfc. Harold Kelderhouse. . . . Maj. WILLIAM W. ANDERSON, Pacific Theater: write Capt. D. N. Spohr.

B. WALT BARTEL, once at Fort Lewis, Wash.: write T/Sgt. Lee M. Roberts. . . . Cpl. EDDIE BAZILE, S. Pacific: write Cpl. Vincent Bazile. . . . JOE BEAUDRY, who was at Langley Field, Va.: write Lt. Gene Mongello. . . . AMBROSE BELL: see *Message 1.** . . . Pvt. DALE C. BELSHE: see *Message 2.*** . . . DICK BOND of Chicago, Ill.: write Pvt. James C. Nevin. . . . GERALD BRADFORD: see *Message 1.** . . . MAJ. BRAKE, once at Camp Edwards, Mass.: write Pvt. H. L. Hegg Jr. . . . DAVID BROWN: see *Message 1.** . . . PHILIP BUNGARD: see *Message 1.**

C. S/Sgt. GEORGE H. CARDOZO, once at Scott Field (Ill.) Radio School: write Cpl. R. J. Saunders. . . . LYLE T. CHANDLER, Pearl Harbor in 1941: write E. R. Powell. . . . Cpl. VIC COHEN, last address, APO 517, New York City: write Pfc. Seymour Shapiro. . . . Anyone knowing what happened to PAUL and ROBERT COPE on the *USS Hornet*: write M/Sgt. Robert P. Collier. . . . S/Sgt. WALTER R. COTTON, once in the 448th Ord.: write Sgt. Ray Callaghan. . . . LEE ROYCE CRAIM PhM2c of Springfield, Mo., once at the Navy Rctg. Office, New York: write Cpl. Bennie Anderson.

E. Pvt. AL EDELMAN, once at Camp Blanding, Fla.: see *Message 3.*† . . . Pvt. CLARENCE EDWARDS of Springfield, Ohio, once at Camp Crowder, Mo.: write Pvt. Marion W. Tyree. . . . JOSEPH M. ESPOSITO: see *Message 1.** . . . Pvt. GEORGE EVANS, once in the 343d Inf. Band, Camp Howze, Tex.: write Sgt. E. C. Evans.

F. S/Sgt. ROBERT J. FAULDS, last address, APO 252, New York City: write Pvt. Louis E. Taft. . . . ROY and PAUL FERGUSON, S.W. Pacific in the Navy: write Pvt. Clarence G. Ferguson.

G. GEORGE GEIGER of Clifton, N. J., in Coast Btry. C Task Force: write Sgt. John Butz. . . . Sgt. TED GLADYS, last stationed in California: write S/Sgt. M. P. Horner. . . . Pvt. ANCELMO GONZALEZ, N. Africa: write Pvt. A. G. Colon.

K. BOB KELLEY of the old 3d Medics: Pfc. Orris M. Haskell wants to hear from you. . . . Pfc. MICHAEL KIEBUS of Hartford, Conn., a machine gunner in a Coast Artillery outfit overseas: write to Pvt. Victor S. Marone. . . . Pvt. PAGE T. KING of Minnesota, who was at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., when last heard from: write to Cpl. Richard P. Petty. . . . Pvt. CHARLEY KNAPP of Omaha, Nebr.: write to Pvt. P. H. Le Roy. . . . STANLEY and WALTER KOPSZYWA of Biloxi, Miss.: write to Cpl. George Blanchard.

M. Cpl. LOWELL B. MASSINGILL of Big Spring, Tex., now in the Aleutians: write Harvey Lee Massingill. . . . JOE McCOY of Piedmont, S. C., now in the AAF: write Pfc. James D. Looper. . . . BILL McGAHEY of Port Huron, Mich., last heard from on the West Coast: write Cpl. Mike Lapitsky. . . . JOHN MOORE of Webb City, Mo.: write Pfc. Dale A. Moore and Pfc. John A. Cook. . . . 2d Lt. GENE V. MOULDER, once in the 14th Armd. Regt., Fort Riley, Kans.: write Sgt. George D. Long.

P. ROSCOE J. PEAS JR.: see *Message 1.** . . . Sgt. CLARENCE PERROTT, Australia: write Pfc. Herbert Gudyka. . . . Lt. HAROLD PINES, once in Bks. 889, Lowry Field, Colo.: see *Message 4.*†† . . . Pvt. TONY PISANI, once in Iceland: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . Pvt. LOUIS PROLINA, once at the Birmingham (Ala.) Air Field, see *Message 5.*‡ . . . SID PULVER, once at Bks. 889, Lowry Field, Colo.: see *Message 4.*††

R. MARTIN RAFFEE: see *Message 1.** . . . Pvt. MERLE J. RAY, last address, APO 625, Miami, Fla.: write Sgt. Dick Winegar. . . . LEONARD (CHIGGER) REDDING, in the Coast Guards: write Pvt. Gene Harris. . . . Sgt. LESTER E. REED, last address, APO 848, New York City: write Sgt. Robert O. Butler. . . . Pvt. GERALD RENFRO: see *Message 2.*** . . . SOLOMON ROEHL: see *Message 1.** . . . THOMAS R. ROLFE of Red Lake, Mich.: write S/Sgt. H. A. Finn.

S. Pvt. LEO SAVETT, last heard from in Texas: see *Message 3.*† . . . 1st Sgt. JIM SCHAEFFER, once in Co. A, 181st Engr. Bn.: write Erwin L. Snyder WOJG. . . . Sgt. ROBERT SCHMIDLIN, 37 AT Corps: write T/Sgt. Merlin C. Race. . . . S/Sgt. FREDERICK SCHOFIELD of Lynn, Mass., once at Camp Lee, Va.: write Cpl. Roger Leavitt. . . . CLIFF SCHULER, once in Bks. 889, Lowry Field, Colo.: see *Message 4.*†† . . . Lt. PAUL R. SEARLES, once in the 77th Serv. Sq.: write T/Sgt. Stanley Jones. . . . 1st Sgt. MARTIN SEBASKA, who served on Corregidor prior to Dec. 7, 1941: write Sgt. Russell M. Levengood. . . . Pvt. FRANK E. SEE, once at Pittsburg, Calif.: write Pvt. Vilmer C. Ashley. . . . GIL SEVERSON: see *Message 1.** . . . Pvt. SPANZYNSKI, once at Camp Patrick Henry, Va.: write Pvt. Angelo Rotellini. . . . WALLY STEMPIEN, once in Bks. 889, Lowry Field, Colo.: see *Message 4.*††

**Message 1:* Write Sgt. Frank J. Bauman.
***Message 2:* Write Pfc. Charles Dulin.
†*Message 3:* Write Sgt. Jack Samson.
††*Message 4:* Write Cpl. George Laschever.
‡*Message 5:* Write Pfc. Raymond A. Del Vecchio.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

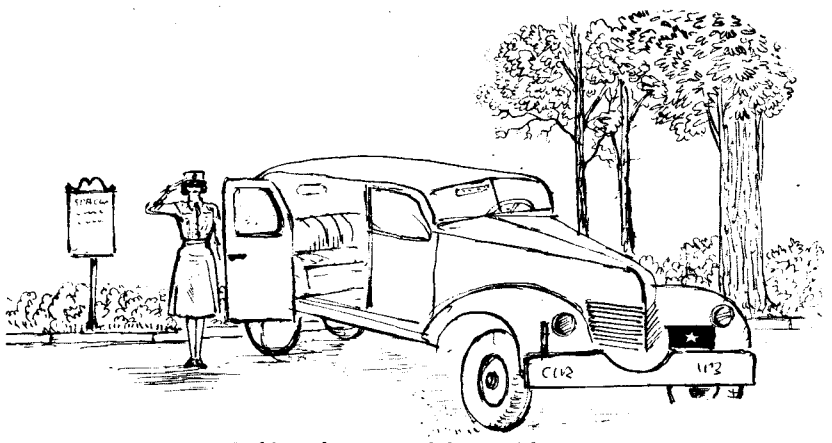
End of a date.

"Dear Mom."

WACS

At Fort Belvoir, Va.

THESE sketches were drawn by Sgt. Paul Galdone, who works in the Art Department of the Engineers School of Fort Belvoir. A commercial artist in civilian life, Galdone claims New York City as his last stopping-off place. A number of his sketches of GIs at Belvoir have appeared previously in YANK.



Taking the general for a ride.

It's hard to be beautiful.

"Advance and be recognized!"

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Those Goldbricking War Workers

WHEN John L. Lewis pulled his coal-mine strike, the men in the Army got sore and nobody could blame them. It seemed criminal for workers at home to be walking out of their jobs at a time when the nation was in danger and Americans were dying on the fighting fronts.

Months have passed since the dispute between Lewis and the War Labor Board was settled and the miners returned to the pits, but the wave of anger and resentment against workers at home that broke out at the time still flickers in New Guinea, China, Africa, Italy and other places in the world where the Army is stationed. Remembering Lewis, plenty of soldiers still feel that the average American worker is interested only in making money and doesn't know that there is a war going on overseas. There's been a lot of talk and latrine rumors about war production slipping and the U. S. home front being in a terrible mess.

Strangely enough, that impression of the American worker as a goldbricking money grabber does not jibe with the facts and figures of U. S. production in the last few months, revealed by President Roosevelt in his recent message to Congress.

"Our war factories and plants and shipyards," the President said, "are now working at full blast turning out the greatest amount of war production in the history of the world. During the two months of the recess of Congress our factories produced approximately 15,000 planes. There was an especially important increase in the production of heavy bombers in August. During those same two months American shipyards put into commission a total of 281 ships, almost five ships a day."

GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE IN RUSSIA

The President also revealed that:

During the first eight months of 1943, American workers produced 52,000 planes, 23,000 tanks, 40,600 artillery weapons and 4,638,000 rifles, carbines and machine guns.

The completions of Navy ships in the last six months were equal to completions in the entire year of 1942.

During the month of August 1943, we produced almost as many torpedoes as we did during the whole first World War.

Since the outbreak of war in Europe, we have increased our output of petroleum by 66 percent, bituminous-coal production 40 percent, chemicals 300 percent, iron ore 125 percent and steel 106 percent.

It seems strange that America was able to accomplish this terrific task of production if the average worker at home was interested only in getting a raise and didn't know or care about the war overseas. The truth is, of course, that absentees and goldbrickers crop up in the factories and mines and shipyards—just as they do in the armed forces—but they represent only a very small minority.

The average American worker is doing his job. And he knows only too well that there is a war going on.

Washington O.P.

LT. Gen. Joseph T. McNarney, deputy Chief of Staff, told Congress that on Sept. 1 the Army had 7,300,000 men. . . . Brig. Gen. Uzal G. Ent, who led the bombing attack on the Ploesti oil refineries in Rumania, termed it "the greatest single achievement of any air force in this war." He gave a large share of the credit for the raid to ordnance men who designed delayed-action bomb fuses that caused the bombs to explode when the fuses were removed. As a result, he said, there were bomb explosions in the Ploesti area two days after the raid.

Since Pearl Harbor more than 40,000 bills affecting veterans have been introduced in the legislatures of the 48 states. Of the few made into law, the most important ones set up commissions to study post-war problems of the states and provide funds to help to meet these problems. In several states bills have been passed to help veterans of this war continue their education. . . . GIs in the Air Service Command got national recognition in a special OWI release telling the public how they keep planes in flying condition. In the final phase of the Tunisian campaign, for instance, only 19 of the AAF ships were kept out of combat by lack of parts.

On display for the first time at the "Back the Attack" show in Washington is the monster 40-ton tank-recovery unit. It is more than 50 feet long and 11 feet wide and is equipped with 18 wheels and the most powerful gasoline engine of its kind. It is used to recover and transport light and medium tanks, which it can pick up by means of powerful winches. It takes a crew of seven. . . . Another new item on display is the M8 75-mm self-propelled howitzer, mounted on an M5 light-tank chassis, fast as a whippet and capable of tossing a 15-pound projectile a long way. It also has the protection of a .50-caliber machine gun. . . . Newest artillery piece shown here is a short-barreled 105-mm howitzer mounted on a modified 77-mm split-trail carriage. The light carriage and short barrel save a lot of weight.

—YANK Washington Bureau

STRICTLY G.I.

Losses in Sicily

THE WD has released figures on percentage losses of American military equipment during the 39-day battle for Sicily. Here are some of the more important items: 155-mm howitzers, 13 percent; 57-mm guns, 46 percent; motor carriages for 77-mm guns, 36 percent; carriages for 105-mm howitzers, 22 percent; carriages for 37-mm guns, 54 percent; 37-mm guns, 13 percent; light tanks, 7 percent; medium tanks, 8 percent. Approximate total of American personnel casualties during the Sicilian campaign was 7,445.

Legion of Merit Awards

Examples of the kinds of outstanding services for which the Legion of Merit is awarded are shown by the following recent awards to enlisted men: M/Sgt. John L. Closson, Fort Hamilton, N. Y., for "solving many complex problems involving office administration" in the AG office; M/Sgt. Percy H. Walker, Fort MacArthur, Calif., for producing plays which were shown to isolated posts and hospitals; T/Sgt. Gerald R. Heffelfinger for fighting fires at Hickam Field, Hawaii, after the Jap attack on Dec. 7, 1941; S/Sgt. William E. Mitchell for "initiative in improving devices which greatly facilitated the construction operations of his engineering unit" in the Southwest Pacific area; T-5 Charles M. Badis, for "attempting to recover the body of the pilot" of a plane which had crashed in the ocean and for putting out fires on Hickam Field Dec. 7, 1941.

New Fifth Air Force Patch

Here is the design of the new insignia of the Fifth Air Force in the South Pacific. The three tails of the comet represent the fighters, bombers and troop transports of the unit, and the five small stars form the Southern Cross constellation under which the Fifth saw action. On a background of ultramarine blue, the Arabic numeral 5 is gold, the comet and the stars are white and the roundel inside the AAF star in the comet's head is red.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA. Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schlotzhauer, Inf.; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd; Features, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, DEML; Sports, Sgt. Dan Poller, AAF.

Washington: Sgt. Earl Anderson, AAF; Cpl. Richard Paul, DEML.
London: Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Sgt. Ben Frazier, CA; Sgt. Walter Peters, QMC; Sgt. Jack Scott, FA; Sgt. Charles Brand, AAF; Cpl. Thomas Fleming, DEML; Sgt. Steven Derry, DEML; Sgt. Louis McFadden, Engr.; Sgt. Durbin Horner, QMC.
North Africa: Sgt. Pete Paris, Engr.
Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.
Cairo: Sgt. Burgess Scott, Inf.; Sgt. George Aarons, Sig. Corps.
Sicily: Sgt. Walter Bernstein, Inf.
Iraq-Iran: Sgt. Al Hine, Engr.; Cpl. James O'Neill, QMC.
India: Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Inf.; Sgt. Robert Ghio, MP.
China: Sgt. Marion Hargrove, FA.
Australia: Sgt. Don Harrison, AAF; Sgt. Dick Hanley, AAF.
South Pacific: Sgt. Mack Morriss, Inf.; Sgt. John A. Bushemi, FA.
New Guinea: Sgt. David Richardson, CA; Cpl. Thomas St. George, Inf.
Hawaii: Sgt. Merle Miller, AAF; Pfc. Richard J. Nihill, CA; Cpl. James L. McManus, CA.
Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF.
Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.
British Guiana: Pvt. Fred A. Peruzzi, Inf.
South Atlantic: Pfc. Nat G. Bodian, ATC.
Panama: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Inf.
Puerto Rico: Sgt. Lou Stoumen, DEML; Cpl. Bill Haworth, DEML.
Trinidad: Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff, DEML.
Surinam: Pvt. Bernard Freeman, AAF.
Nassau: Sgt. Dave P. Folds Jr., MP.
Iceland: Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.
Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode.
Greenland: Sgt. Edward F. O'Meara, AAF.
Marines: 1st Sgt. Riley Aikman.
Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y2c; Allen Churchill Y3c.

Officer in Charge: Lt. Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Desmond H. O'Connell; India, Maj. Don Thurman; Australia, Capt. Donald W. Reynolds, 1st Lt. J. N. Bigbee; Cairo, Capt. Robert Strothers; Hawaii, Capt. Charles W. Balthrope; Alaska, Capt. Jack W. Weeks; Panama, Capt. Henry E. Johnson; Iraq-Iran, Capt. Charles Holt; Puerto Rico, 1st Lt. Gerald J. Rock.

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entire contents reviewed by U. S. military censors.

Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

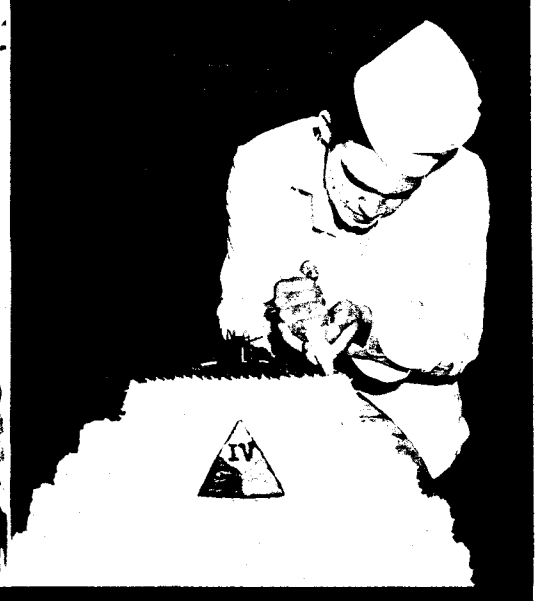
MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42d ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAC ARCHER. In the hands of this female Robin Hood a bow and arrow is no mean weapon, but she probably won't have to use it in her job as a post librarian at Camp Atterbury, Ind. She's T-5 Carol Savage.

CAMP NEWS

ARMY MURALIST. Cpl. Clifford Springer paints a local scene on the mess-hall wall. Attached to Post Hq., Fort McPherson, Ga., he's done a number of other murals there.



BIRTHDAY BAKER. T/Sgt. Benjamin Bruner ices cake for first anniversary of IV Armored Corps' activation at Camp Campbell, Ky.

HEAVYWEIGHT LIFTER. It's not surprising to find Pvt. John L. (Tiger) Fox holding up 732 pounds of GI at Camp Croft, S. C. Winner of 317 out of 323 fights, he was a leading light heavyweight before retiring.

Typographical Eleven

Norfolk Naval Station, Va.—Chief H. L. Roach announced a partial make-up of his camp's grid squad, and it is slightly reminiscent of a team that used to be termed the "Fighting Irish."

The pigskin toters for dear old Norfolk are: Kuczinski (LE), Raskulinecz (LT), Saskiewicz (LG), Piacentini (C), Bezbetchenko (RG), Kapuscinski (RT), Wisnieski (RE), Kasubinski (QB), Zachariason (FB). Substitutes include Studlensky, Giovannini and Maskelony. The coach is Parcheski.

Sgt. Bert Briller, editor of the Mitchel Field (N. Y.) *Beacon*, from which we cribbed this item, wants to meet the mail orderly.

GI Scoop

Greenville Army Air Field, Miss.—The Greenville *Post*, official post paper here, claims it scooped the nation's press with the news of Italy's surrender. The paper, says editor S/Sgt. Donald A. Mackey, hit the streets just 14 minutes after the AP news flash came over the wires.

Half way through the regular press run at 1051, the presses were stopped for a replate. A new headline and an eight-line bulletin were set, and the first paper was off the press and on the street at 1105. Soldiers at the field, nine miles from the plant where the paper is printed, were reading the news of Italy's fall at noon.

Allied Victory Menu

AAFETTC, Yale University, Conn.—T/Sgt. George D. Weiss has a "menu for victory" in which some of the United Nations and several neutrals are represented. To be served on *China* plates with well-*Polish*ed silverware, it offers:

APPETIZERS

Russian caviar — *Hawaiian* pineapple juice

SOUPS

English beef broth — *Scotch* barley

ENTRÉES

Turkey — *London* broil — *Irish* stew

VEGETABLES

French fries (well cooked in *Greece*)

Candied *Swede* potatoes — *Scotch* butter beans

Mexican Chili beans — *Swiss* chard

SALAD

Lettuce with *French* or *Russian* dressing

DESSERTS

Baked *Alaska* — *French* petit fours — *Danish* pastry

BEVERAGES

Brazilian coffee — *Canada* Dry ginger ale

BREADS

Toasted *English* muffins — *French* bread

Crying Towel Pays Off

Finney General Hospital, Ga.—Pvt. Charles Schmidt of the 318th Inf. was a chronic griper while a patient here. S/Sgt. Vaiden Gaunce and M/Sgt. Herschen Temme of the 313th Inf., also patients, decided to teach him a lesson.

On his behalf, they sent for the chaplain, a major, and expectantly waited for the blow-off when Schmidt recited his woes.

The results exceeded their expectations. Schmidt gave forth and so did the major—with a $5 loan, a carton of cigarettes and a radio.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Randolph Field, Tex.—Cpl. Fred Blair, attached to the 832d Guard Sq., was on detail in a GI truck recently, collecting waste from the mess halls. A fire suddenly broke out in his load of refuse. Without pausing to consult AR on fires and fire alarms, Blair headed his truck for the fire house, leaving a cloud of smoke behind him. Surprised firemen doused the fire.

Camp Stewart, Ga.—A new kind of contest has been suggested by Pvt. M. S. Weiss of the 505th Bn. here. He terms it an "Unpopularity Contest," designed originally for buglers. But, he says, it may include anyone below the grade of first sergeant. First prize would be a two-day pass on the first rainy week end.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fort Belvoir, Va.—WAC Pvt. Veronica Zieverink had looked forward to celebrating her silver-wedding anniversary. She did—washing and wiping silverware on KP.

Sedalia Army Air Field, Mo.—Pfc. Theodore Adamezyk just lets himself go when he writes to Miss Ruth Redman of Forestville, Conn. The other day he let loose with a letter 102 pages long which, for anybody's money, should be a record of some sort.

Parris Island, S. C.—Marine Pvt. C. H. Francis holds some kind of record for civilian activity. Before going into the service he was mayor of Dayton, Ohio, at 23 and at the ripe old age of 25 served in the House of Representatives.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Davis-Monthan Field, Ariz.—Qung Thick Chin, a cook with the aviation engineer camouflage battalion here, decided to change his name to make it "sound more America."

His new American-sounding name: Tik Qung Chin.

San Bernardino Army Air Field, Calif.—Sgt. Doug Slamer, Hq. & Hq. Sq., was beating his gums at Pvt. Roland Cheek. "Why didn't you deliver that message as I told you?" he roared at Cheek. "Well, I did my best," said Cheek meekly. "You did your best, huh?" Slamer continued. "If I'd known I was going to send a jackass, I'd have gone myself."

Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.—T/Sgt. John Tietz rated himself quite an angler and regaled listeners with tales of his king-salmon catches in Washington. Baked with peppers and onions, he said, king salmon was a real treat. The men stood it as long as they could and finally the sergeant was told to put up or shut up. He put up—with a 15-pound king salmon which his family sent him packed in ice.

SSSAY NNNO MMMORE

William Northern Field, Tenn.—One of Sgt. Angelo Nusca's duties here is to take care of a soft-drink machine. Not the least annoying part of the detail is the machine's mishandling by thirsty and frustrated GIs.

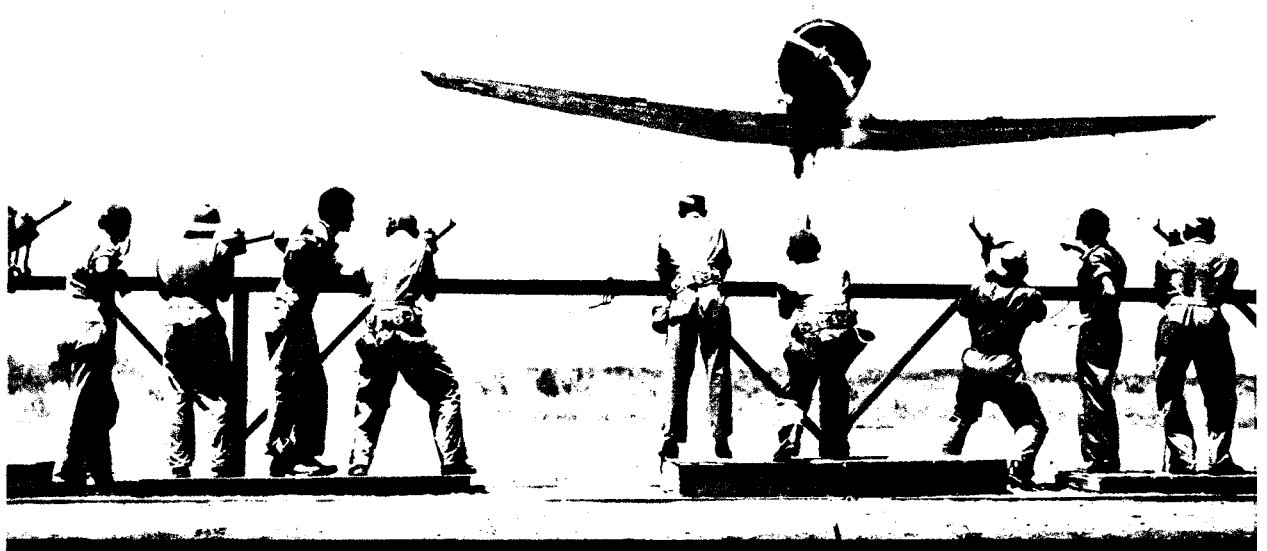
Nusca recently decided to take steps to stop its abuse. He posted the following notice:

"If your nickel is in slot and don't deliver drink, turn coin release. After two turns, stop foolin'. Maybe machine is empty. Whatever you do, don't ssshake ttthe mmmachine."

CAMP NEWS EDITOR WRITES

Pvt. J. E. Serritella Jr., **Fort Jackson**, S. C.—The piece about the staff sergeant and his Taylorcraft cub is interesting; how about his name? . . . Pfc. J. J. Rotkin, ASTU, **Blacksburg**, Va.—Your request on ASTP noted; what's the name of the guy who got gigged for having his arm around the gal? . . . Pvt. D. W. Fulton, **Fort Riley**, Kans.—The glass-eye gag is a good one; almost too good. . . . Pvt. William J. Rexford, **Fort Ontario**, N. Y.—Your ghost piece amused, but it's rather long for our limited space. . . . Cpl. H. Kome, **Camp Breckinridge**, Ky.—That picture is interesting, but we'd like the names of the muddy GIs appearing in it. . . . Pvt. Jules Trieb, **Nashville Army Air Center**, Tenn.—We've had our eye on the column, a sample of which you sent. Thanks. . . . Pvt. Harold Hindley, **Fort Sill**, Okla.—That story has been making the rounds. Maybe it started at your post, but there have been a lot of variations. . . . Pvt. Harold Mielak, **Amarillo Army Air Field**, Tex.—What do you wanna go round scaring the yardbirds for? They used to tell us about a long, curved needle—and we believed it, too. . . . Pvt. James R. Randolph, **Camp Polk**, La.—What was Pvt. Somler's dream? . . . Cpl. Louis M. Satz, **Seymour Johnson Field**, N. C.—We had a similar experience at Truax Field, Wis., but there they fed us corn flakes three times a day while on the graveyard shift. Send us Whitey's full name and rank—it's a good story.

If it's a good story, or a picture that's interesting, send it on to YANK, Camp Features, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and let other GIs share it with you. A minute of your time might mean a whole day's laugh to a fellow GI.



LOW BRIDGE. This is first-hand range-estimation practice for gunnery students at Harlingen Army Air Field, Tex. As plane comes at them, they become familiar with the target's size at various distances.

CONTEST IS OVER. A couple of months ago we printed a picture here of 1st Sgt. William L. Huffhines who, according to his men, was the handsomest of all first sergeants. As a result, other outfits submitted the pictures above to prove them wrong. To us there doesn't seem to be any doubt about the winner. She's 1st Sgt. Florence Tidwell, WAC Det., CRTC, Fort Riley, Kans. The others (l. to r.) are: 1st Sgt. Richard Kempel, 118th QM Co., Avon Park Bombing Range, Fla.; 1st Sgt. Harry R. Burson, 116th Chem. Imp. Co., Camp Sibert, Ala.; 1st Sgt. H. J. Myers, Co. G., 467th QM Truck Regt., Camp McCoy, Wis.; 1st Sgt. George W. Jones, 372d Base Hq. & Air Base Sq., Blackland Army Flying School, Tex. Now, that ends the argument.

PACIFIC SURVIVOR. T/Sgt. William H. Nichols, AAF gunner, at Station Hospital, Army Air Base, Salt Lake City, was missing 66 days after Flying Fortress was downed.

GUM BOARD. It was nailed up outside the post theater at Geiger Field, Wash., to discourage soldiers from adding to the theater's gum collection. They leave it here instead of trying to stick the seats together inside. Spit it out, soldier!

HONORED GUEST. Ann Sothern, film star, refuses an invitation to eat at a separate table, with honored guests, preferring to eat beans with the enlisted men. She's sitting at the DEML mess hall, Camp White, Oreg.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Juanita Stark

YANK

Pin-up Girl

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BAND BEAT. Herb Miller and band, featuring Johnny (Scat) Davis, are due at Loew's State, New York. . . . Vocalist Virginia Maxey left the Bob Allen bank to join Charlie Barnet; Mary LeMarr takes her place with Allen. . . . Sabby Lewis and band are back at the New Savoy, Boston. . . . The new thrush with the Buddy Franklin band at the Aragon Ballroom, Chicago, is a former oil company steno, Harriet Collins. . . . When the Westwood Club, Little Rock, opened after being closed for a year, Skipper Nance and band were featured. . . . Milton Larkin and crew were a smash in their Houston homecoming. . . . Ted Straeter and band have moved into the Persian Room of the Plaza, New York. . . . The El Trinidad Cafe, Los Angeles, which featured Zutty Singleton and his quartet, folded, and Zutty is now with Charlie Echols' band at the Vine Maur Club.

COAST TO COAST. Hazel Scott is doing her autobiography for Doubleday, Doran. . . . Al Pearce's character of "Elmer Blurt, Super Salesman" will be the feature of his new Dr. Pepper radio show. . . . The Andrews Sisters will play the Orpheum Theater, Los Angeles, during Christmas week. . . . Marion Hutton is reported planning a single for vaudeville. . . . After a 13-week run at the Hotel Nicollet, Minnesota Terrace in Minneapolis, the Dorothy Lewis ice show gave way to a package show featuring Rita Oehman and Paul and Paulette Blanchard. . . . The Duncan Sisters hit the gong at Hamilton's Troika in Washington.

HOLLYWOOD. Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields used their own ration books to get the big roast-beef dinner they are shown eating in a restaurant sequence of "Holy Matrimony." . . . Merle Oberon will sing and dance in her next picture, "The

Merle Oberon

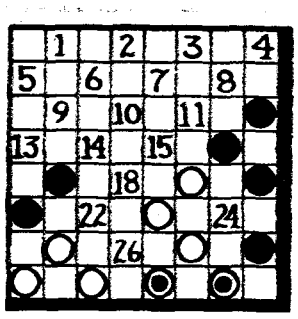
Lodger." . . . Marsha Hunt has been assigned the feminine lead opposite Alexander Knox in "Lebensraum." . . . Charles Bickford has a farm in Massachusetts where he raises hogs which he sells to the armed forces. . . . Martha Raye, co-starring with Betty Grable in "Pin-Up Girl," plans a new tour of overseas Army bases that will take her to the South Pacific. . . . Peggy Carroll, who spent four months devising dance routines with Fred Astaire for "The Sky's the Limit," finally got a break and will appear in a comedy dance sequence in "A Lady Takes a Chance." . . . Donald Dickson makes his first camera appearance in a Technicolor comedy with music, "Up in Arms," which features Danny Kaye and Dinah Shore. . . . Jean Brooks has the lead in the next of the "Falcon" series, titled "The Falcon and the Co-ed." . . . Gail Russell reaches stardom in the lead of "Her Heart in Her Throat," film version of Ethel Lina White's novel. Stellar ranking came her way after Paramount execs saw "The Uninvited," in which she played the heroine opposite Ray Milland. . . . MGM has bought "Hot Time in the Old Town," original by Jack McGowan, and will produce it as a musical starring Red Skelton. . . . Aline MacMahon will have an important role in the film version of Pearl Buck's best seller, "Dragon Seed."

CHECKER STRATEGY

Here's a wild and woolly situation that looks absolutely hopeless for the White side. As the position now stands, White is two pieces down and faces the immediate loss of another one.

Despite the gloomy picture, White can move and win! Can you figure out the winning strategy?

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.



Mitzi Mayfair, Carole Landis and Martha Raye sing "Snafu."

"SNAFU! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF SNAFU?"

Here are the lyrics of "Snafu," the new swing number which was inspired by the experiences of Mitzi Mayfair, Carole Landis and Martha Raye when they were in North Africa early this year.

"Snafu" was first sung by the girls in Issue No. 8 of the Army-Navy Screen Magazine, the Special Service news reel formerly called "The War." The words and music of "Snafu" were written by Charles Henderson.

The Army has a new catchword,
The Navy uses it, too;
It seems the Marines
Understand what it means.
I don't, so I'm asking you.

FIRST CHORUS

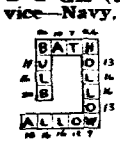
Snafu! What is the meaning of Snafu?
What's it all about; can't figure it out.
Is it contagious? Or simply outrageous?
Snafu! You hear it ev'rywhere, Snafu!
Is it like a pill, or is it a thrill?
Is it a military secret?
I asked a louey who at first was rather formal,
And then he laughed and shouted: "Situation normal!"
Snafu! The greatest myst'ry in hist'ry.
Fun is fun, but why can't I find anyone
To spill the beans and tell me what Snafu means?

SECOND CHORUS

Snafu! What is the meaning of Snafu?
Is it something new that officers do?
Is it a drop kick or only a top kick?
Snafu! You hear ev'rywhere, Snafu!
Is it cold or hot, inspected or not?
Is it a pot of GI coffee?
I wrote my congressman for further information;
He said: "You'll have to start your own investigation!"
Snafu! The greatest myst'ry in hist'ry.
Fun is fun, but why can't I find anyone
To spill the beans and tell me what Snafu means?

TEE-TOTAL

Here's a chance to win one of Yank's big Puzzle Kits, which will be given as prizes to GIs (that includes *all* branches of the service—Navy, Marines, etc.) who submit the highest scores on this puzzle. If you haven't tried this word game before, start now.



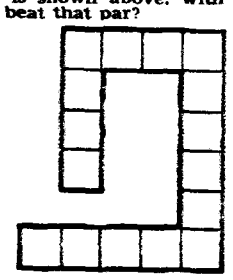
Simply fill the diagram with four good English words. No proper nouns (that rules out names of persons or places).

Add up the number values of the 16 letters you have used, giving each letter its value as shown on the chart below. The idea is to use words which have letters of high value. *In adding your score, count each of the 16 letters only once.*

A sample work-out is shown above, with the score of 235. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

A	10	N	2
B	20	O	13
C	5	P	18
D	6	Q	21
E	11	R	4
F	8	S	1
G	3	T	7
H	26	U	14
I	12	V	25
J	22	W	9
K	23	X	17
L	16	Y	15
M	19	Z	24



Score . . . . . Submitted by:

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

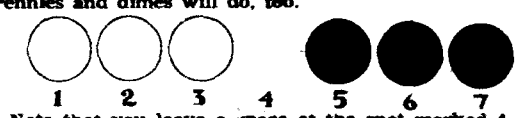
. . . . . .

Mail to Puzzle Editor, Yank, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight weeks* if you are outside the U. S. Winners in the U. S. will be listed in about six weeks in the *Puzzle Solutions* column on page 22. [10/8]

LINE-UP PUZZLE

This stunt is good for a bet. Chances are that even after you show it, the other fellow won't be able to remember just what you did.

Lay out three red and three black checkers as shown. Pennies and dimes will do, too.



Note that you leave a space at the spot marked 4.

PROBLEM: To rearrange the checkers so that they lie alternately red and black, like this:

CONDITIONS: Red checkers go only to the right. Black checkers go only to the left. A checker may either move to an adjacent vacant space, or jump one adjoining checker to a vacant space.

The problem should be solved in 6 moves.

Solution on page 22.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK ORDER NO.

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

Soldiers Never Lie

BEFORE 1942 ID (induction date) there were many things that I did not know. Of course, I did not know then that I did not know them, or I would have been all-wise and a genius. Now I know for sure that I did not know them, and while I admit I am a genius anyway, I will pass on to you what I did not know I did not know before 1942 ID.

I did not know, for instance, that nearly every soldier earned $80 or more a week at his civilian job, though there were a few less fortunate ones who made only 60 bucks a week and starved. Strangely enough, a number of service records show that soldiers often earned much less than that, some as little as 12 bucks a week. However, we must remember that the Army is ultra-conservative, and besides, figures often lie. Soldiers never do.

Just for fun, let's look at a service record or two. There's one that says Pvt. Joe Swarthmore was an elevator operator in civilian life and that his pay envelope contained 14 digits every week. Now we have it from Pvt. Swarthmore himself, from his very own lips, mind you, that he never failed to pick up less than 80 bucks each week at the pay station. He owned a streamlined car that was a honey. He gave his mother more money than she knew what to do with and sent three sisters to finishing school. Joe is from Erie, Pa., which must be a wonderful place, because where else do elevator operators get 80 bucks a week?

Now T-5 Charlie Baxter was a filing clerk in his golden days. Those boys sure raked in the jack. Charlie says he made $125 per against his service record's $22, and we believe Charlie because he is a fine fellow. And I also know now what I did not know before 1942 ID—that filing clerks tell everybody what to do and that they are big shots around an office.

Another thing that I did not know then that I know now is that practically every soldier in our Army was a Casanova in civilian life. It seems that not one was able to escape the wiles of beautiful women, and that life was a succession of hungry arms and lips and sighs.

Pvt. Chick Smith, for example, had more women than he knew by name. He admits in a confidential whisper to the whole battalion that he is not pure. What a man! Yet at the local USO dances on Saturday nights Chick sticks to the wall as if he were glued there and if a hostess comes within 20 feet of him he turns scarlet. Still, back in the old days in Peoria the ladies used to flock to him like schoolboys to a pot of jam.

In conclusion, I might say that as a civilian I grabbed off $150 a day as a fish peddler, but I am not bragging about it. And I had so many women I used to run a daily pool to figure out who would be the lucky girl I'd take out that night. But when the war's over, I think I'll take a try at Erie. Any town where an elevator operator makes 80 bucks a week——

Oswego State College, N. Y. —**Cpl. WALTER DEAN**

SPLIT AFFINITY

I wish I were a schizophrenic:
Just one of me would calisthenic.

AAFSAT, Orlando, Fla. —**Cpls. EISENBERG and COGLEY**

CHOW HOUND

When every meal's a race
First in the line he stands,
With hunger in his face
And mess kit in his hands.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —**S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH**

"Packages for O'Brien, Olsen, Cohen and Fragile!"
—Pvt. Nicholas Gibson, SCPC, New York, N. Y.

Then the War Won't Be Over

WE were sitting around, cleaning our guns and waiting for the last guard shift to come off and the new guard to take over. A kid said: "After the war I swear I ain't going to clean a thing. Never did so much cleaning. Clean your rifle, mop the barracks, clean your shoes, police the area—clean, clean, clean. I'm telling you, after the war I'm never going to even look at a can of shoe polish. Maybe they think we can win the war with shoe polish!"

"Listen to him talk," the second soldier said. "All the kid is worried about is cleaning! After the war—wow! Know what I'm going to do after the war? I'm going to shack up somewhere out in the country and just lay around. No getting up early, no getting up at all unless I feel like it. That's what I hate about the Army—getting up early. Me, I'm a sound sleeper, and this tumbling out at 5:45 jars me. Just let the war be over and I'm going to sleep and sleep and then sleep some more. How's that, Pop?

"Pop" was the old man of the outfit. He was 32, married and had a kid. He was quiet, soft spoken and settled, so he was the old man. He said: "No sense talking about the war, we haven't won it yet."

"Yeah, but suppose it was over tomorrow, what would you do?" the kid asked.

Pop ran a ramrod through his rifle, looked at the black on the patch and rammed another patch down the barrel. "Oh, go back to my old life," he said. "After I've been home for a few days, sort of hanging around the house to get the feel of things again, why I'll go out and get a job. Then——"

"I know the first thing you'll do when you get home," the kid said, grinning.

Pop laughed. "Sure, and that's part of the old life, too."

"You going right to work?" the second soldier asked.

Pop nodded. "Yeah, get a job, and then things will be like they used to—the house, my wife and the little girl. We'll start saving for that boat again—that little 32-foot cruiser I've had my eye on."

"That's if you get a job!" the second soldier said. "Pop, you won't buy no boat if you're selling apples on a corner."

Pop looked up, his face angry. "What kind of talk is that? Don't you know what we're fighting for? Haven't you heard of the Four Freedoms? Freedom From Want—that's the important one. All the damn trouble in this world is caused by people being in want. Hell, that's what this war is about."

The kid laughed. He held his gun up to the window and squinted down the barrel. "Clean as my girl's mind. Hell, Pop, you don't believe all those words and speeches, do you?"

"Sure I do," Pop said. "They're not just words. This isn't just another war. The people, all the people, are going to get something out of it." He pushed his ramrod through the gun fiercely. "You ought to wipe the milk off your chin and learn the score, kid."

The second soldier said: "Be swell if we all get decent jobs. But suppose there isn't any. Suppose we find the same old stuff—no jobs; nothing but relief."

"It won't be that way!" Pop said. He began to rub the stock of his gun with a dry cloth.

"But suppose it is?"

"Then the war won't be over," Pop said softly. He held the rifle out at arm's length and looked at it. "A war is only over when you get what you're fighting for. That's what victory means."

Wright Field, Ohio. —**Pfc. LEN ZINBERG**

—Pfc. Glenn Bradshaw, AAB, Portland, Oreg.

PUZZLE

Though I've known her all my life
I think that I shall never
Understand what she means
When she signs "as ever."

North Africa —**Sgt. E. BLACKWELL**

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

LINE-UP PUZZLE. Move 3 to 4. . . . 5 to 3. . . . 6 to 5. . . . 4 to 6. . . . 2 to 4. . . . 1 to 2. Done!

CHECKER STRATEGY. White moves 27 to 24. Black jumps 20 to 27. . . . White moves 23 to 18. Black jumps 16 to 23. . . . White moves 25 to 22. Black jumps 17 to 26. . . . White moves 29 to 25. Black's checker on 12 can proceed for three more moves, but only to pile up (in square 24) on top of the others. Meanwhile, the White piece on 18 marches merrily ahead toward the crown row. White wins.

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

Puzzle Kits go to these winners of the Aug. 20 contest (scores are indicated in parenthesis): M/Sgt. R. L. Powell, Fort Story, Va. (393); S/Sgt. Malcolm E. Bain, Camp Swift, Tex.; A/C Burt D. Bream, San Antonio, Tex., and Pvt. Charles W. Hersey, Seymour Johnson Field, N. C. (tied at 388); Pvt. John Essene, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. (384), and Sgt. Michael J. Blawski, San Antonio, Tex. (381). Powell's winning solution is shown here.

B	U	G	G	Y
U				Y
F				P
F	I	G	S	
			U	
P	Y	G	M	Y

Three veteran puzzlers scored again (each with 384): Pvt. J. G. Yomner, Camp Pinedale, Calif., four-time winner, and Sgt. Donald Farquhar, Oroville, Calif., and T-5 James J. O'Loughlin, Camp Ritchie, Md., three-time winners.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTS: OL' DIZZY DEAN WRITES A BOOK ABOUT HIMSELF

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THE war has the damndest way of scrambling things. Your old friend, Dizzy Dean, is now a successful author. Of course, it's nothing short of a coincidence that Dean's publishers and the sponsors of his radio program happen to be one and the same outfit, namely the Falstaff Brewing Corporation of St. Louis. And it's of no great significance that his publishers are giving away the Great Man's volume absolutely free to their clients in St. Louis, Burlington, Decatur, Hannibal and Joplin.

That's just as it should be. Dizzy always did belong to the people.

As you might expect, the Great Man has written this little booklet about his favorite person, Dizzy Dean. He has titled it "The Dizzy Dean Dictionary and What's What in Baseball." On the opening page there is a foreword, unmistakably in Dizzy's own handwriting, explaining why he wrote the book. There also appears on this page an urgent editor's note pointing out that Dizzy undoubtedly meant his heading "Forward" to be "Foreword."

After you have successfully hurdled the foreword, you will find Dizzy's Dictionary, which is broken down into two chapters. The first, "Dizzy Daisies," is a collection of some of his favorite broadcasting expressions. The second is "Dean's Automatic Player Pernouncer." Of the two, the Daisy Definitions are by far the most interesting. Here are a few selections:

Cup of Coffee. Short trial in the Majors.

Foul Screecher. A ladies' day fan who screams on every pop fly.

Guesser. An umpire.

Gully Jumper. A train.

House Dick. Player who spends most of his time in hotel lobby.

Jesse James. Another complimentary term for an umpire.

Meal Ticket. Club's winningest pitcher, like Dean.

Pebble Picker. Infielder who alibis for making error by picking up imaginary pebbles, which he pretends caused ball to hop.

Rabbit Ears. One who tries to hear everything said about him.

Respectable. Respective.

Tools of Ignorance. Catcher's equipment.

Union Hours. Nine-inning game.

The rest of Dizzy's booklet is devoted to six modest little essays on such time-honored baseball questions as "Who's the Greatest Pitcher in the World?"; "Who's Got the Greatest Throwin' Arm in the World? (Not Countin' Days It Was Sore and How It Got That Way)"; "Who's the Greatest Hitter in the World? (When He Wants To Be)"; "Who's the Greatest Pitcher Runner in the World? (Not Countin' Days I Was Tired)"; "Didja Ever Hear of a What's Whatter?"; "Let Me Tell You What a Fiddle Hitcher Is."

In describing the greatest pitcher in the world, the Great Man explores the records to show that he won 17 games and lost 8 for St. Joseph in the old Western League during his first season of pro ball. Then with his usual reluctance, Dean tells how everybody laughed when he predicted that he and his brother Paul would win 45 games in 1934.

"Well we don't win 45," Dizzy says. "We just win 49 which is 3 more than all other 8 pitchers put together. Paul has 19 and I have 30, and then we each beat the Tigers twicet for the World Championship. Of course, I lead the league again in strike-outs, in addition to pitchin' the most shut-outs and havin' the most victories and the best won and lost average."

At this point Dizzy must have suffered a bad case of mental indigestion from so many stuffy statistics because he switches to a discussion on how he ruined his arm by busting his toe.

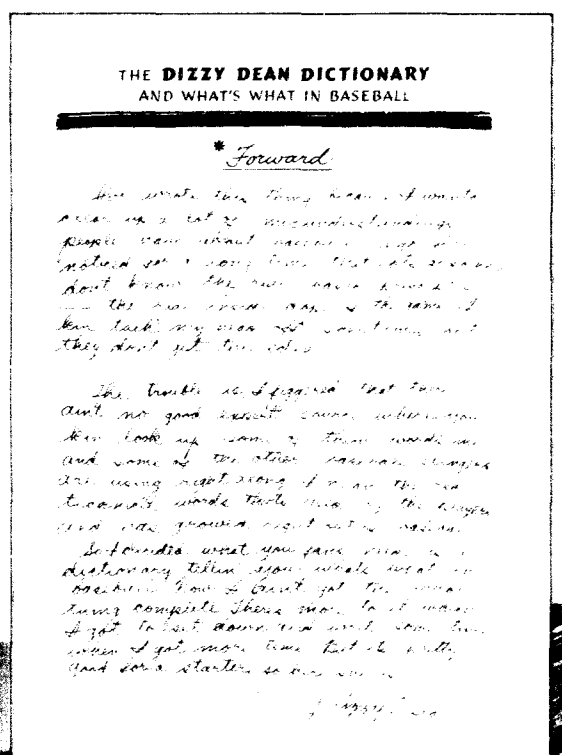
"I'm startin' a game in Boston with splints on my foot, and a shoe two sizes too big for me. Pain is stabbin' me clean up to my hip. Because of this I change my natural style and don't follow through with my body on the delivery, so's I won't have to tromp down on my hurt foot. Instead I cut a fast one loose just throwin' with my arm. There was a loud crack in my shoulder, and my arm went dead down to my fingers. Nobody knowed it then, but Ol' Diz's great arm was never goin' to be the same agin. I won only one game all the rest of the season. But the fact that I'm leadin' the league, as usual, in strike-outs, and also in victories proves that right today I'd still be leadin' the league if I hadn't tried to pitch too soon while my toe was still broke."

WHILE nominating himself as the man with the greatest throwing arm in the world, Dizzy reveals the Cardinals signed him because they thought he was a left-handed pitcher. It seems that his reputation for killing squirrels with rocks had spread all the way to St. Louis, where it reached the ears of Branch Rickey and Sam Breadon, who immediately dispatched a scout to Gumlog, Ark., to scour the woods for Diz.

"When this scout sets out to find me, he sees a bunch of dead squirrels lyin' around and he follows this trail. I'm just killin' my last un, when he asks me if I want to pitch for the Cardinals. I asks him who was the Cardinals and could I make as much money pitching for them as I could cheppin' cotton. He tells me I can make even more money, so I says that sounds all right to me and he can give me a tryout after supper.

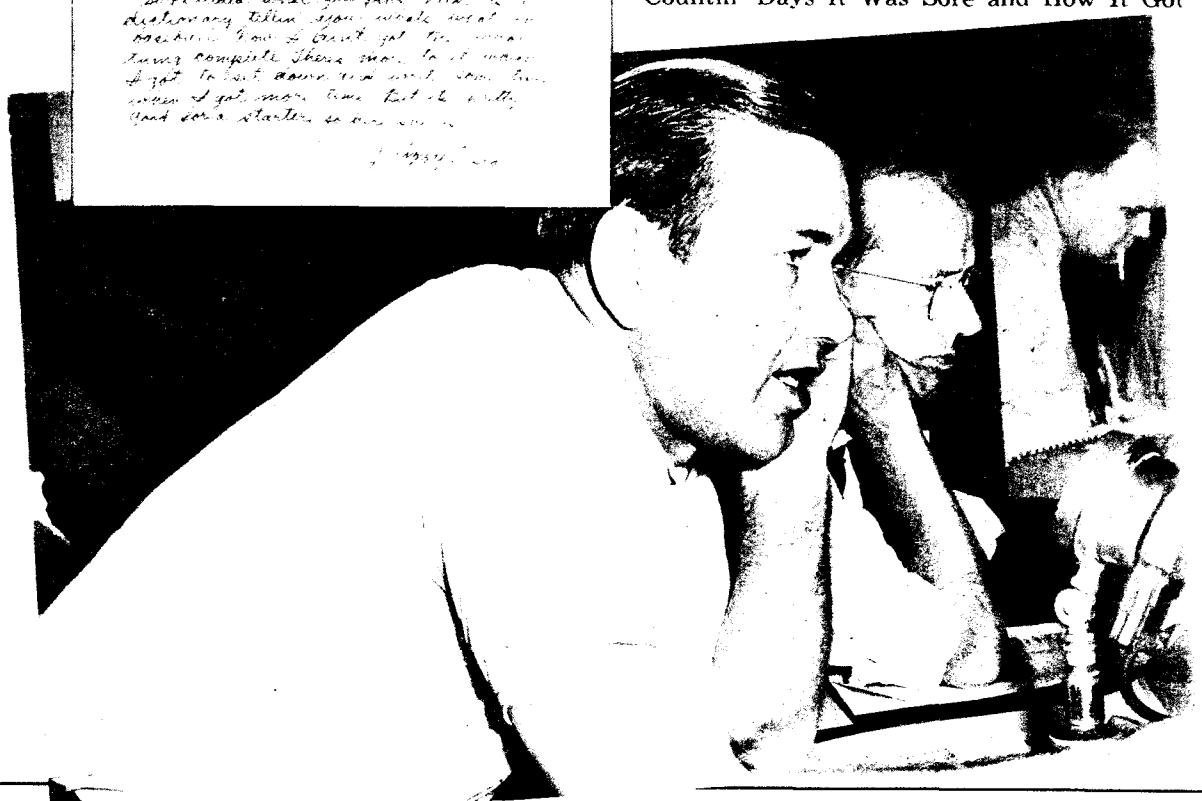
"After just a couple of pitches, he says, 'That's enough, you can throw harder'n anyone I ever ketched. But I thought you was a left-hander. That's the way you was throwin' in the woods.'

"So I tell him: 'Yeah, but I throw so hard with my right arm that I squash up them squirrels somethin' terrible and they ain't fit eatin' then.'"



THE **DIZZY DEAN DICTIONARY**
AND WHAT'S WHAT IN BASEBALL

* *Forward*



At the left Dizzy wrestles with a mike.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

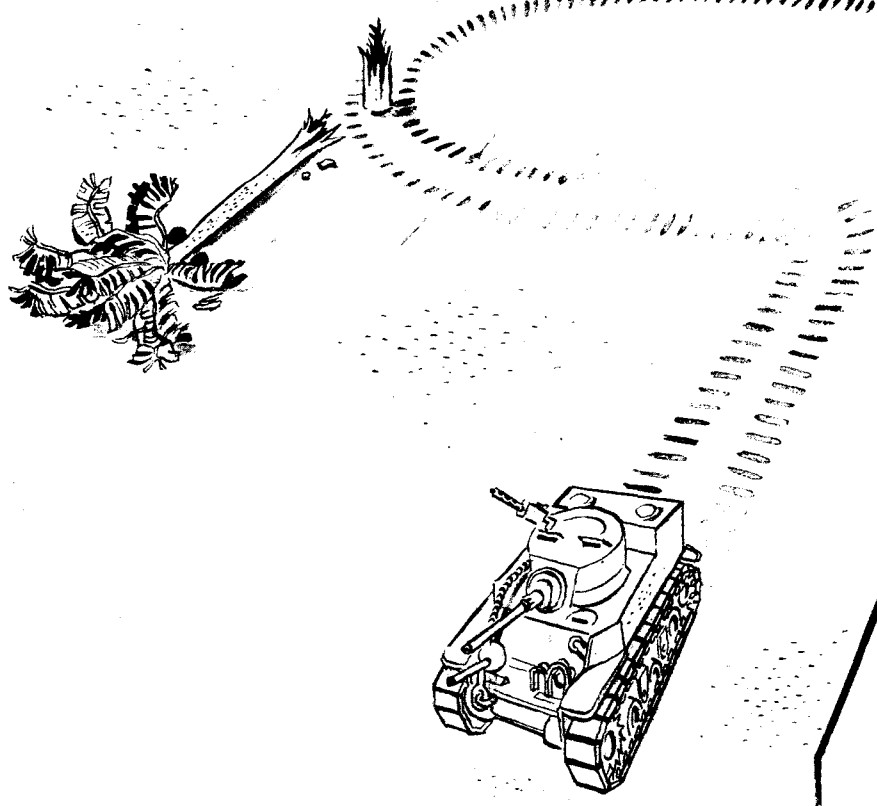
IT WAS bound to happen. **Sgt. Joe Louis** got dumped off his pins by his old sparring partner, **1st Sgt. George Nicholson,** in an exhibition bout at Mitchel Field, N. Y. Nicholson, who was more shocked than pleased, immediately pleaded not guilty, saying that he just stepped on Louis' foot. The officer in charge of the tour told another story. "Louis got one foot caught behind the other and tripped himself," he said. Louis himself was unconcerned about the whole thing until one GI piped: "This is going to look mighty bad in the papers." The champ then said: "It doesn't matter. I know what really happened." Louis probably does, because he's now wearing headgear in the ring for the rest of his tour.

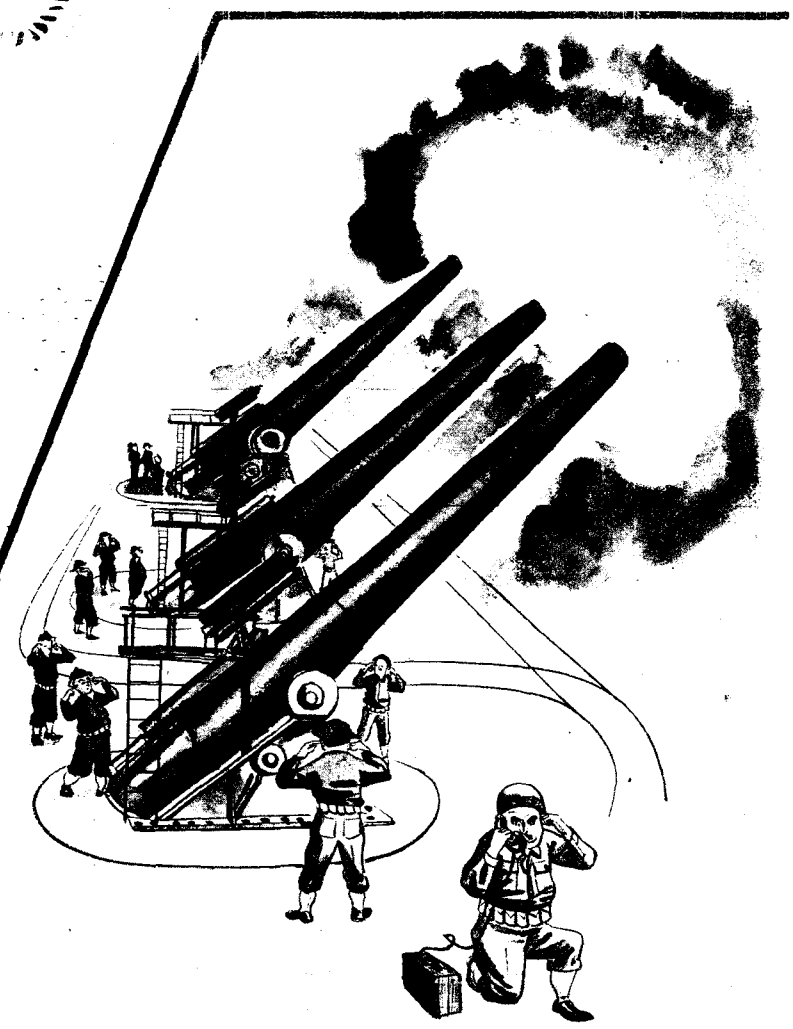
GIs all over the world will see and hear this year's World Series between the Cardinals and Yankees in a two-reel, 22-minute sound film prepared by the American League in co-operation with the War and Navy Departments. The first 100 prints will be rushed overseas and another 100 will be sent to Army, Navy, Marine and Coast Guard bases in the States. The film will show highlights of the play-by-play action and close-ups of star players. . . . The GIs in Iceland swear by their CO, **Gen. William S. Key.** He not only gave the winners of the base softball championship a trip to the ETO play-offs in England, but the losers, too.

The Norfolk (Va.) Naval Training Station and the Norfolk Air Station are playing what they call the "Navy World Series." That's okay with us, but we wonder how Great Lakes feels about it with a fine season record of 52 victories against only 11 defeats and a .418 hitter in ex-Giant **Johnny Mize.** . . . On New Georgia Island there's a marine, **Pvt. Albert A. Harppinger,** who rushes back to his bunk every chance he gets and writes a few more pages for his book on how to play golf. . . . The gagsters are now calling ex-marine Frankie Sinkwich a "cripple threater."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARMY WEEKLY





"YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK A LITTLE LOUDER, WE MUST HAVE A BAD CONNECTION."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU FORGOT YOUR GENERAL ORDERS?"
-Cpl. Tom Zibelli

"McGUIRE CAN GET HIMSELF A GIRL NO MATTER WHERE HE IS."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson

THIS OFFICER SUBSCRIBES

Dear YANK:

Enclosed is a check for a year's subscription to YANK, which I believe is the finest paper any GI could wish at any price.

I only wish we'd had a paper like that when I was an enlisted man!

—Lt. J. F. CASEY, *March Field, Calif.*

SEND YANK BY MAIL TO:

YOUR FULL NAME AND RANK

MILITARY ADDRESS

2-16

PLEASE CHECK: 1 YEAR (52 ISSUES) ☐ $2.00
6 MONTHS (26 ISSUES) ☐ $1.00

Enclose check, cash, or money order and mail to:

YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED ONLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED